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DESTINY.

BY M. D. A.

The width of many countries lay between
A woman and a man when they were born,
Her world was full of flowers and tropic green,
While his was bare and fruitless as the thorn.

Her life was full of light. Upon her mouth
Smiles found their fated resting place.
She seemed a daughter of the fragrant South,
While clouds of Northern sadness touched his face.

And yet, these two, so far apart and strange,
And seeing life within such different spheres,
Were led by Fate, with ev'ry smallest change,
To come together at the end of years.

LOVED AND LOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III—(CONTINUED).

BERNARD looked down at Felicia. A man must be more or less than human to withstand the subtle influence of a beautiful woman, whose head is almost on his shoulder, whose eyes are looking up into his, whose lips are sighing because she cannot dance with him through a lifetime; and Bernard Yorke felt the influence of Felicia Damerel's proximity very strongly just then.

For the time he forgot the girl with the auburn and gold hair, the sweet, pale face, and wonderful eyes; and when the music died away softly he drew his partner's arm within his, and led her aside, his own face flushed, a light, which made her tremble and quiver, in his dark eyes.

She was poor, a dependent on Lady Winshire's charity; a wealthy marriage was of absolute necessity to her. It was the one end and aim of her life. She must marry money, but she felt, cold and calculating as she undoubtedly was, that if Bernard Yorke had been poor and friendless, and were to say to her, "Felicia, be my wife," she must perforce have answered, "Take me!"

But, fortunately for her, he was the heir to a baronetcy and a good estate—was all that she could desire.

True, she might do better. There was Lord Stoyle, a baron with vast wealth; but as she glanced at him as he passed them, she shuddered faintly, and unconsciously her hand closed on Bernard Yorke's arm.

They sat out the next dance in a quiet corner of the conservatory, while the man to whom she had engaged herself for it plunged wildly round in search of her.

They did not talk much, but sat looking at the flowers and listening to the music. It was quite enough for her that Bernard Yorke was beside her, that she could, if she chose, touch him by merely stretching out her hand. And he? Well, she was the most beautiful woman in the room, and he was a man.

"There goes 'The Syren,'" he said as the band commenced the famous waltz. "You will like to dance this, won't you?"

"I think I'm engaged," she said reluctantly, and she consulted her card and frowned slightly as she saw Lord Stoyle's name upon the line. "Never mind; I'll dance it," and she laughed with charming defiance. "If he should come up and claim me you will have to give me up and make all the excuses."

"All right," he said.

They started, and had not taken a dozen turns before she saw Lord Stoyle watching them with lowered lids and compressed lips.

If her partner had been any other man than Bernard Yorke she would have asked him to take her to Lord Stoyle at once; but she could not tear herself away from Bernard.

"Your partner did not turn up, luckily," he said as the dance came to an end, and quite as a matter of course he led her towards the conservatory. "Who was it?"

"Oh, I don't know; it does not matter," she replied, uttering the white lie with ready ease. "I daresay I can make it up to him later in the evening."

As she spoke Lord Stoyle approached them. His thin lips were curved with a slight smile, his pale blue eyes were cold as oblong pieces of china.

"Pray forgive me, Miss Damerel," he said, "I ought to have looked for you before that last began. It was my fault, and I deserved to lose the dance, though the punishment was rather heavy."

She raised her eyes with a kind of defiance; but, as they rested on his cold expressionless ones, the defiance wavered and gave way to something not unlike fear.

"Oh, was it yours, Lord Stoyle? I am very sorry, but you write such a shocking hand. See!" and she held out her card with a smile that was rather forced.

"Perhaps Mr. Yorke could have assisted you to decipher it," he said, looking sideways at Bernard. "He knows my writing fairly well."

There was something in the tone in which the apparently insignificant remark was made that nettled Bernard. His handsome face flushed, and he looked Lord Stoyle straight in the face.

"The fault was mine—mine entirely," he said, with quiet emphasis, "and you must hold me accountable, Stoyle."

She looked from one to the other quickly. It flattered her vanity that these two men—both notable in their way—should be on the eve of quarreling over her; but at the same time she was conscious of the vague sense of fear.

"How stern and angry you both look!" she said, with a laugh that was rather nervous. "What a fuss to make over a poor little waltz!"

"Not the waltz, the lady," said Lord Stoyle, with a bow.

"Oh, thanks!" and she swept him a curtsey with mock gratitude. "If it was the lady you valued so much—well, she will give you this next dance. She took up the card. "Oh; I see your name is down, Mr. Yorke. Well, it is only poetical justice that you should give it to Lord Stoyle."

Lord Stoyle looked straight in front of him.

"Don't let me deprive Mr. Yorke," he said, coldly.

She shrugged her white shoulders, and laughed.

"Well, then, you shall neither of you have it," she said. "Now, I call that a very fair compromise, and, as I am really the one in fault, I will not dance at all. Mr. Yorke, please take me to Lady Winshire; she must think I am lost."

Lord Stoyle bowed and turned away without a word. She looked over her shoulder at his retreating figure.

"You and Lord Stoyle are great friends, are you not?" she asked, with an affectation of carelessness.

"Great friends—oh, well, yes, I suppose so," he said, looking down at her with a smile. He felt grateful to her for sending Stoyle away, and his sense of her preference for himself shone in his eyes. Her own fell before them.

If she could but have him to herself for a few minutes longer—well—perhaps he would speak the words that would give him to her for the rest of her life.

"Will you be shocked if I say that I am thirsty?" she said.

He turned her round and led her to the refreshment room. It was nearly empty, and he found a table and got some champagne.

"Only a very little," she said. "You have brought no glass for yourself."

"I will take yours when you have done with it," he said.

She laughed, but the color came to her face, and her eyes glowed as she raised them to his. "That reminds me of the story of the gentleman at the fancy fair," she said. "Don't you remember? He went up to one of the ladies at the refreshment stall and asked for a cup of coffee, and inquired the price——"

"He was a careful man," said Bernard absently. He leant against the wall and looked down at the handsome face and brilliant eyes. Yes, she was very beautiful, and yes, surely he loved her! Why should he not ask her to be his wife? Something told him that she would not say no.

"Yes; he was a careful man," she said smiling, "and he was rather startled when the girl told him that it was ten shillings, but a guinea if she sipped the coffee before she gave it him."

"What did he do?" he asked, still thinking "Why not ask her?"

"He put down the guinea, and after she had sipped the coffee, asked for a clean cup. Don't you think it served her right?"

"No, he was a brute," he said. "Have you finished, will you have some more? No? Then—thanks." He filled her glass and raised it to his lips—the wine would give him courage—and in another moment the words she longed for so ardently would have been spoken; but at that moment, as he raised his arm, she saw a spot of blood upon the edge of the wild expanse of shirt-front.

"Why, what is that?" she asked suddenly, and pointing to it.

"What is what?" he said, looking down. In an instant his face, his manner changed. The spot of blood had called up the vision of the girl whose head had rested on his breast.

His eyes fell, his lips tightened, then he looked straight in front of him and beyond her, and his breath came fast.

"That?" he said. "That? Oh, it is nothing!"

She saw, felt the change that had come over him; her face grew white, and she drew back almost as if he had struck her; her lips parted, her breath coming painfully.

Before either of them could speak a man came in with the preoccupied manner which marks him who has been seeking his partner long and anxiously.

"Oh, here you are, Miss Damerel!" he exclaimed in a tone of relief, "this is ours, I think?"

She rose and glanced at Bernard Yorke. He was standing with the empty glass in his hand, as if he had forgotten it and her.

He recovered himself in time to acknowledge her nod and forced smile, then put down the glass, got his hat and cloak, and left the house.

The ball went its course, and, as usual, Miss Damerel was the acknowledged queen. Her eyes shone brightly, but there was no softness in them now, only the glitter of conquest; and her cheeks were flushed, but not with the delicate tint which they had worn while she had been sitting out with Bernard Yorke. She was in the highest of spirits, and her little court, pressing round her eagerly, vied with each other in devoted attentions. She was gracious to them all, but especially to Lord Stoyle, with whom, after Bernard Yorke had left, she danced twice.

The "small and early" came to an end rather later than usual, and Miss Damerel, dutifully kissing Lady Winshire, and confessing that she was tired, went to her own room.

It was the countess's custom to go through the reception rooms and the corridors each night before retiring; whether in search of concealed burglars or signs of fire, neither she nor anyone else knew, and that night, as she passed Felicia's door on her regular round, she thought she heard sounds as if someone were crying.

She listened; then heard the girl pacing up and down the room hurriedly. The countess was a kind-hearted woman, full of sympathy, and always fond of the girls whom she took in hand. It was even reported that she had been known to weep when they were married—which sounds rather incredible, seeing that their marriage had been the work of her hands—and her motherly heart went out to the girl pacing up and down her room.

She knocked at the door gently, and after a moment or two Felicia Damerel opened it. The handsome face shone pale in the light of the countess's candle—no gas was permitted in the house—and there was a hard, almost sullen look in the dark eyes.

"Not in bed yet, my dear?" said Lady Winshire. "I thought you would have gone at once. You said you were tired."

"So I was. Perhaps I am too tired to sleep," said Miss Damerel.

"May I come in?" asked the countess, and she passed into the room, and setting down her candle, seated herself as if for a chat.

Felicia stood by the fireplace, with one small foot on the fender, her head leaning on her arm, supported by the mantelshelf.

"Quite a successful evening," said the countess placidly, but watching the pale face all the same. "Did you enjoy it? You danced nearly everything, I suppose?"

"Yes, I enjoyed it very much," said Felicia; her voice sounded rather hard and forced. "Yes, I danced nearly everything."

"I missed you once or twice; I suppose you were sitting out?"

"Yes; I sat out with Mr. Yorke." She spoke the name as carelessly and indifferently as she could; but the countess was a woman of experience, and knew girls as thoroughly as a trainer knows the racehorse under his charge, and she detected the unreality in the tone.

"Yes. You danced with him, too. He is a very nice young fellow is Bernie Yorke. You danced with Lord Stoyle twice, didn't you?"

"Twice or thrice," replied Felicia, with genuine indifference this time.

"Hem! yes; a very pleasant man. I have often wondered he has not married. With his title and wealth—they credit him with a fabulous amount—he ought to settle."

Felicia made no response, but looked steadily at the elaborate ornament of plate-glass and ferns in the fireplace.

"He is always very attentive to you, is he not?" asked the countess.

Miss Damerel nodded.

"Yes," she assented in a dry voice. There was silence for a moment, then she raised her head and looked, with a kind of sullen defiance, straight at the countess.

"You have something to say to me, Lady Winshire," she said, "what is it?"

The tone would have been better suited to the countess than it was to the penniless girl to whom she had been so good; but Lady Winshire was particularly sweet-tempered and patient, and perhaps she already knew what was the matter with her protege; so she answered placidly—

"I came in because I thought I heard you walking up and down, and fancied something might be the matter. Is there? Are you unhappy about anything? Really, I don't think you ought to be, my dear. Few girls have had such a success as you, and I am quite pleased with and proud of you. Lord Stoyle said to-night that you were the prettiest girl in the room."

Felicia's eyes flashed, and she sighed impatiently.

"Don't you like Lord Stoyle?" asked the countess, gravely.

"I hate him!" came the answer; "at least, I think so. I—I don't know. No, I scarcely hate him——"

"But there is someone you like better," said the countess, very quietly. "It is a pity. The title is an old one; he is very rich. Who is it, my dear?" she broke off, after the fashion of women.

Felicia made no reply.

"Shall I make a guess?" said the countess, sympathetically. "Is it Bernard Yorke?"

The beautiful face crimsoned, and the countess was answered.

"Well," she said, encouragingly. "You might do worse. Of course Bernard Yorke is not nearly so good a parti as Lord Stoyle. He is only the heir to a baronetcy, and—I don't know where I heard it, but there was a whisper of some encumbrances upon the Yorke estates. I don't know anything definite, and perhaps there is nothing in it; but even if there should not be, a baronetcy is not a peerage."

Felicia Damerel raised her head. "You speak as if—as if I could choose between them," she said, with suppressed bitterness. "As if I had only to throw my handkerchief!"

The countess smiled and suppressed a yawn; she was very tired.

"Well, my dear, I think it almost amounts to that," she said, serenely. "Bernard Yorke seems as attentive as Lord Stoyle. More so, in fact. Indeed, I should not have been surprised if he had proposed to night."

"Nor I," was the response; "but," with a sharp, bitter laugh, "he did not!"

The countess looked at her thoughtfully and with increased interest.

"Do you mean that you thought he was going to do so, my dear?"

Felicia looked at her with hard, defiant eyes. "Yes; and he was. The words were—were trembling on his lips. It was in the refreshment room. He—he looked—" She paused, and her eyes dropped.

"I know," murmured the countess, who, indeed, did know the whole course of procedure. "Well?"

"He looked—he almost spoke—then, suddenly——" She paused as if something had come into her throat and prevented her speaking; "he seemed to recollect, to change his mind." Her voice died away into a whisper.

"He was nervous, perhaps," said the countess. "Men are so foolish. If they only knew that it is we who are always nervous, and that they can do what they like with us if they only speak out and play the master."

"Nervous!" The word came with a laugh of mocking denial.

"Bernard Yorke nervous! No! It was not that. He thought of something. Oh, if I only knew what it was!"

She turned from the fireplace, and paced up and down the room, the train of her soft silk dressing gown trailing after her in graceful sweeps.

"You care for him so much?" said the countess in a whisper.

Felicia Damerel stopped in her pacing and confronted her.

"Care for him!" she exclaimed, with a short, fierce laugh. "If you knew!"

Her utterance was choked for a moment, then the hot, passionate words poured forth like a torrent suddenly sweeping over a mountain side.

"Care for him? I love him! I hate—I despise myself for it. But I cannot help it! Yes, I love him! I think of him night and day. I—I dream of him! I——"

She stopped and pressed her hand to her heaving bosom, her dark lustrous eyes fixed before her.

Lady Winshire regarded her gravely, and with anything but critical approval.

She had listened to girlish confidences many a time and oft, but never to a confession made in this fashion.

"My dear, my dear," she said, quietly, "is this wise?"

"Wise? No! It is foolish, wicked, unwomanly; that is what it is! And—and I know you think it. But," defiantly, "I cannot help it. I ought to be ashamed of myself. I shock you, I daresay; I cannot help it!"

"Hush! hush!" murmured Lady Winshire. "You surprise me, my dear. I—well, I always thought you were rather of a cold nature than otherwise."

"I am," was the almost fierce retort. "My heart—I thought I had none—is adamant to all but him. But he—oh, when he approaches me, when he touches me, when he speaks, my heart beats, and I——"

She stood in the middle of the room and wrung her hands with self-scorn.

"Why do you not reproach me?" she said huskily. "Why do you not tell me that I am unwomanly and wanting in dignity and modesty? I know you think so! I can see it in your face, hear it in your silence. To love a man who does not care for me!" She fell to pacing the room again.

"But you said that he nearly spoke to-night," the countess said.

"Yes!" She stopped, and looked straight before her. "Yes, he did, and then something, some thought, stopped him. What was it?" She asked the question in a whisper. "Do—do you think he cares for anyone else?"

Lady Winshire considered a moment, and then shook her head.

"I don't think so. I have never seen him pay anyone such attention as he has paid to you. No, my dear, I think you distress yourself without sufficient cause."

"Yes?" said Felicia, with a forced smile. "And, whether I do or not, I am unladylike, and, yes, ungrateful. I am penniless. I ought to take the best chance—Lord Stoyle."

"Not if you dislike him so much," said the countess. "Bernard Yorke is a good match, and—come, my dear, don't lose heart. He may speak yet."

Felicia shook her head.

"No," she said, "he will not speak. There is someone else. I am sure of it—I am. I cannot tell you why I know it, but I feel it. It was of her he suddenly thought when he stopped to-night as he was going to speak to me." She drew a long breath. "If I only knew whom it was! I should like to see her."

The countess rose and took up her candle.

"My dear girl, how wildly you talk! What could you do even if you knew?"

"I don't know; kill her, perhaps, or kill myself," was the response made with a laugh of self scorn.

The countess looked rather shocked.

"Hush! hush!" she said. "You are overtired and hysterical. Go to bed now, and let Bowden bring you up your breakfast to-morrow. You have been overdoing it, and want rest."

The handsome face hardened as its owner coldly returned the elder woman's kiss.

"Good-night, Lady Winshire. Yes, I think I am over-tired, and I will go to bed now."

But when the countess had gone, Felicia Damerel, instead of seeking rest, threw herself into a chair, and, burying her face in her hands, sat motionless until the gray dawn of the spring morning glided softly into the luxurious room.

CHAPTER IV.

At half-past eight that morning Nance Grey came down to the little sitting-room of No. 2, Eden-row. The diminutive "slavey," who came in to light the fire of a morning and at odd times during the day, had set out the breakfast, and started off for the neighboring Board-school.

The room was swept and dusted, and the kettle was singing on the hob. It was a pleasant little apartment, with a view of a strip of the river; and though the furniture was of the plainest description, it was neatly arranged—scrupulously clean. There were a few inexpensive engravings on the wall: the curtains were of plain muslin, of a delicate art tint; there were some books on a shelf in the recess of the fireplace; and here and there were evidences of a refinement and taste which one would scarcely expect to find in any house in Eden row.

On a table near the window stood some lace in course of making, with the bobbins depending from the pillow on which delicate material was stretched. The tablecloth was a clean one; the service of white china bright and spotless; and Nance herself, in her simple morning dress of light cotton, was in harmony with her surroundings. She looked round the room, "tidied" it, with that touch which is so peculiarly feminine, then went into the long patch of front garden, and filled some glasses with stocks and wallflowers. Then she sat down at the table and waited for her father.

After a few minutes there was a heavy step on the stairs, and Mr. Grey entered. He were an ill fitting frock-coat, loud-patterned trousers, baggy at the knees and of the music hall type, and a gaudy necktie, and looked, if that were possible, rather more disreputable in this get-up than he had done the night before in his loose jacket and slipshod slippers.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Grey was one of those persons who do not appear to advantage in the clear light of a spring morning, and his dissipated eyes blinked in the sunshine that poured into the little room.

As he came shambling to the table, the contrast presented between the refined-looking girl and the common, vulgar-looking man was most marked. There was not the least likeness between them, neither in feature, form, nor voice.

"Breakfast is quite ready, father," said Nance. She spoke in a low voice, but, notwithstanding its undertone of sadness, it had nothing of complaint in it. "Will you have some bacon, or an egg?"

Mr. Grey grunted, and, eyeing the eatables, shook his head sullenly.

"No," he said, drawing his chair to the fire and shivering slightly, though the room was very warm and genial; "I don't want anything to eat. Give me a cup of tea, and see that it's strong. I had a hard day yesterday, and I've got a headache."

Both statements were strictly true, for Mr. Grey had been drinking hard, and the headache was the natural and proper sequence.

"The fact is, I'm worked to death." He was employed as traveler by a firm of tobacco manufacturers, Messrs. Schuff and Schneller, and his work consisted in going about from public-house to public-house, soliciting orders and collecting accounts, and it suited his taste exactly. All the money he earned he spent in liquid refreshment, and betting on horse-races, "in the way of business;" and it was Nance's lace work that kept the small household going and bought his and her clothes.

"Worked to death!" he grunted. "Has the paper come?"

Nance carried it and the tea to him, and he swallowed the latter at a draught, and, unfolding the former, turned to the sporting intelligence. The news contained therein was evidently unwelcome, for he muttered an oath and flung the paper aside.

"Bluebottle come in last!" he muttered. "Just my luck. And yet I got the tip straight enough. Here, give me some more tea. Why ain't there a herring for breakfast? You never have anything a man can eat."

"I am sorry, father," she said gently, "I will get one for you to-morrow."

"To-morrow ain't to-day," he retorted sullenly. "I mayn't fancy it to-morrow." He bent over the fire, warming the coarse hands that trembled with the effects of last night's numerous whiskies, and poked it savagely; then, without looking at her, said complainingly—

"You haven't told me yet about that kick-up of yours last night. What was it all about?"

"I thought I told you everything. You have forgotten, father," said Nance. "I was nearly run over, and—and the gentleman saved me."

"Ah! Who was he?"

"I don't know," she said.

"Why didn't you ask his name? Anyone but you would have done so. He looked a regular swell. I don't know why you didn't find out who he was."

"Why should I?" she responded in a low voice. "What could it matter?"

He shot an angry, sullen glance at her.

"Matter? It might have mattered a good deal. Why didn't you let him come in? We ain't got too many friends, especially of his sort."

The color rose for an instant to Nance's face; her eyes dropped.

"Whoever he was, he could not be a friend of ours, father," she said. "He was a gentleman."

Mr. Grey stared at her resentfully.

"That means that I ain't, and that he's too good for me, I suppose," he said. "I am as good as any man, and if I'm poor and live in a hovel it don't follow that I've always done so. I've seen better days, as I've often told you."

He had indeed often done so, very nearly daily; but Nance had no recollection of any other days than those of hard toil and the perpetual struggle with the wolf of poverty.

"Perhaps he'll come to-day," he said, after a pause. "He said he would."

"Oh, I hope not," she breathed almost inaudibly.

"If he does, just you behave civilly to him," he went on. "It's always useful to have an acquaintance like him. He might want some cigars—he's sure to, in fact—and I could do a lot of business with him."

The beautiful face flushed, and a painful expression came into the eyes and curved the delicately-formed lips.

"He is not likely to come, father," she said. "Why should he? He will have forgotten all about it. Besides——" She paused as the clock of a neighboring church struck nine. "It is time to go, father."

Grey got up with a sullen grunt, stretched himself, yawned, arranged the brass horse-shoe pin in the scarlet and blue scarf, and shambled to the door. There he hesitated, and avoiding her eyes, said in a casual way—

"Lend me half a crown, Nance, will you? I've run short this week."

It was always as a loan that he asked her for money, but the loans were never repaid.

She rose and got the half crown from her workbox, and gave it to him, and as she put it into his not too clean palm, said hesitatingly and very gently—

"That is nearly all I have, father, until Lady Winshire pays me for the lace. Please don't—I wish——"

"Well, what is it?" he demanded, still avoiding her eye.

"I was going to ask you not to bet with it, father," she murmured, her beautiful eyes fixed on his face with sad earnestness. "It never seems any good, and you always lose; and—and we are so poor, are we not?"

"Poor? Of course, we are!" he retorted, setting his hat on at a slant that gave him a rakish appearance, which matched beautifully with the loud-patterned trousers and horse-shoe pin. "It's my confounded luck. There's that beastly 'Bluebottle' now. It was sure to win; and if it had, with the odds so heavy, I should have pulled in a hatful. But it was 'got at,' of course. It must have been. Never mind, Nance; the luck will turn presently, and then I'll show you. Yes," he assumed a confident, pompous air, and looking round the little room contemptuously, "I'll show you what life means. No more stifling in a hovel, and living like paupers. No! You wait till my ship comes home, and I hit upon the right 'oss, and then I'll show you whether your father ain't as good a gentleman as anybody."

And with this hopeful prospect to cheer her and console her for the loss of the half-crown, Mr. Grey put on his boots noisily in the passage and slammed the door after him.

Nance sighed. She had heard the same kind of speeches for years, ever since she could remember, and, if they had ever impressed her, which is doubtful, she had long since lost any faith in them.

She gathered the breakfast things together—she had eaten scarcely more than her father had done—and washed them up, and put them away; then took her seat at her work, and commenced her day's toil.

But this morning her usually swift and skilful fingers faltered and failed. She found her attention wandering from the delicate design, which looked like a white cobweb on the pillow, and presently she desisted and leant back, with a sigh, letting her hands fall on her lap.

She had scarcely slept through the night. Her head had ached with the blow from the horse's bit, and, besides, her brain had whirled with the whole incidents attending her accident.

All night the face of her rescuer had come to her in the darkness, and in a vague, confused fashion she found herself repeating the words he had spoken, hearing not her own, but his deep, musical voice, as her lips formed them. In all her young life she had never met or spoken with anyone like him, and his kindness, his gentleness, and delicacy filled her with a kind of amazement.

It seemed wonderful to her that he, a gentleman—one of those beings who belonged to the rich and aristocratic class, from which such as she seemed divided as by an impassable gulf—should have taken so much trouble on her behalf.

Why, if she had been one of his lady friends, he could not have been kinder or more considerate. If he had put her into the cab and sent her home, she thought, he would have done all, and more than she could have expected. But he had come with her, and bought a draught from the chemist's, had spoken to her respectfully

and frankly, as if she had been his equal. She remembered the very way in which he had lifted his hat to her as he bade her good-night.

Yes; it was wonderful. Her heart was filled with a gratitude which, though she should never see him again, would never die out.

She wondered who he was; but still she was glad that she had not let him come in, that she had asked him not to call. As she had said to her father, "Why should he?" Her father had hinted at making his acquaintance—of having him for a friend. A friend! She sighed, and bent over her lace again.

But she could not work. The handsome face came between her and the lace; the design went wrong.

She rose, and looked round with a strange feeling of helplessness and trouble. What had come to her? She had never felt like this before. Though her head often ached, and worse than it did this morning, she had always been able to work.

"I will go out for a little while," she said to herself. "Perhaps the air will do me good and help me to forget." Yes; it was forgetfulness she wanted, to get the face and voice out of her mind.

She put on her neat hat and jacket, and went out towards the park. The air did her good, but it did not drive the remembrance of last night from her mind. She crossed the park, and was turning to go home again, when she saw a four-in-hand coming down the road. A gentleman was driving, and some other gentlemen and ladies were on the top. They were talking and laughing gaily, and, as the four horses swept by her, she glanced up at them, and recognized Miss Damerel amongst the party. The sight of her reminded her of her work and its necessity, and she quickened her pace.

It was to grand people like these that her rescuer no doubt belonged. He had just crossed her life's path for an instant, and she would never see him again.

Yes, oh! yes; it was much better that she should not. She was glad that she had asked him not to call.

She reached home and ate a slice of bread and butter for her lunch, and then sat down to work again.

For a time she found it difficult, but after awhile their accustomed skill came back to her hands, and the delicate fabric grew under them. She sighed with sad satisfaction. Why, she could almost fancy that the whole thing was a dream, but for the long scar under the hair on her forehead. Yes; she would try and think that it had never happened, that she never seen him, only dreamt of the handsome face, the kindly voice.

Then a knock at the door startled her, and, with a sudden flush she rose, one hand holding the back of the chair, her face turned towards the door.

She heard Sarah, the girl who had come in from school to get the tea, run down the passage and open the door, and a voice—his voice, saying—

"Is Miss Grey at home?" Then before she could frame the words, "No, no," the sitting-room door opened, and Sarah, with her eyes like saucers and her mouth agape, panted—

"Miss Nance, 'eres a gentleman inkwiring for you. Ham I to let him in?"

The color fled from Nance's face, and a look almost of terror passed over it. She had only to say "No," and he would go, and never come back. Oh, why could she not say it?

Sarah took her silence for assent, and nodding excitedly went back to the front door.

"All right, sir; you can come in," she said, her shrill treble full of satisfaction.

Nance, still holding the chair, with the look that was almost one of terror only slowly fading from her face, raised her eyes and saw him standing in the doorway—felt, rather than saw, the handsome face; and, as if in a dream, heard the voice she already knew so well, saying—

"I am so glad to find you well enough to be up, Miss Grey!"

She tried to look cold and repelling, tried to feel sorry that he had disobeyed her; but as his hand closed over hers, a strange joy and gladness thrilled through her, and a voice in her heart sang softly, sweetly, "He has come! He has come!"

Oh, Nance; my poor, innocent Nance!

CHAPTER V.

BERNARD and Nance stood looking at each other.

Nance found her voice at last.

"I—I am all right, thank you," she said, still holding the chair.

"I was afraid I should find you very ill," he said. "One never knows at the time of an accident whether one is hurt or not. I was once chucked in a hurdle race, and hadn't the least notion there was anything wrong with me until I got home; then I felt rather stiff and painful about the arm, and they sent for the village sawbones. 'Hallo, Bernard!' he said, 'you have broken your arm.' I knew that fast enough when the thing began to mend. It's then when the fun begins. But I'm awfully glad that you are not hurt. Your head was bleeding, I knew." He thought of the spot of blood on his shirt-front. "You might have been killed."

His frank voice, the steady regard of his dark eyes, were dispelling something of her nervousness.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Bernard?" she said.

He thanked her, and took a chair. As he did so, he was about to tell her that Bernard was his Christian name, and that his surname was Yorke. But he did not. He let the opportunity slip, with no thought of guile or concealment.

He looked round the room—but with no offensive curiosity—and its neatness and tone of taste and refinement struck him vaguely but pleasantly. Then his eyes fell on the lace pillow.

"Oh, do you make lace, Miss Grey?" he said, with an interest that was not only indicated by his voice, but his eyes.

"Yes," she said, and she sank into her chair and laid her hand—it was still trembling slightly—upon the pillow. "Yes; it is my work; I earn my living by it."

"It is awfully pretty work," he said. "I am glad ladies are beginning to wear it again. It is about the prettiest thing they do wear. May I look at it?"

He came and stood beside the table, and she took up the bobbins and half-mechanically wove a few threads.

"By Jove!" he said, with intense interest, "it is wonderful how you remember which pins to wind it round! And how quickly you do it!" He looked at the white, exquisitely-shaped hands with half-unconscious admiration. "Will that piece take you long to finish? What is it?"

"Some weeks," she said; "it is the trimming for a lady's dress."

He looked through the window.

"You have a pleasant place to work in; the river looks very jolly from here. I suppose you can't sit long doing this; it must be very trying for the eyes."

"Yes," she said; "especially at night."

"Do you mean to say you do it at night?" he exclaimed, with the beautiful ignorance of the rich and idle of everything pertaining to the labor of their poorer fellow creatures.

Nance smiled.

"Yes; very often," she replied, but not at all complainingly. "Sometimes some work is wanted in a hurry, and then I have to sit up and finish it."

"And haven't you anyone to help you?" he asked.

He was so interested, so absorbed in the subject—in her—that he drew up a chair beside her and leant his head upon his hand.

"Please go on, if you want to, and don't mind me," he said pleadingly, "or I shall think myself in the way, and a nuisance."

A faint color rose to her face, and with her eyes bent upon the pillow she resumed her work, though the pattern seemed to dance and waver, and her fingers faltered and went wrong now and again.

"Is there no one to help you?" he asked again, watching her design as it grew.

"No," she said.

"Your mother, sister?" he said. "I should think they might do the less difficult parts," he suggested. "Mightn't they?"

"I have no mother nor sister," Nance replied, quietly.

"Oh; I beg your pardon!" he stammered.

"My mother died when I was a child—quite a child. I don't remember her," she said, as if to assure him that he had not hurt her, "and I never had any brothers nor sisters; there are only father and myself."

At the mention of her father her voice faltered for a scarcely appreciable moment, but Bernard Yorke noticed it. Once again he remarked the difference between the father and daughter, and found himself wondering at it.

"You must feel very dull sometimes," he said, thoughtfully.

"Dull?" she had never asked herself the question before. She let it go now as something of too little importance to be considered.

"I have always my work," she said, "and time passes very quickly—too quickly, sometimes."

His eyes wandered from her face round the little room.

"I see you are fond of reading," he said, half-absently. He was trying to imagine the life this beautiful girl lived; bending for hours—sometimes through the night—over this delicate sight-trying work; but he could not realize it.

"Yes," said Nance. "Oh, yes; if it were not for the books——" She paused.

He noticed the refinement in her voice! the sweet music, which, like the glance of her wonderful eyes, affected him subtly.

"The books?" he said, still absently. "I'm not much at books myself. There never seems any time——" Then he stopped too. No time! That was a nice thing for him to say to her; for him whose whole life was spent in the endeavor to kill time.

He rose and went to the little shelf. There were only a score of volumes in all, and most of them were school books. There were an English grammar and history, a general geography, an English pronouncing dictionary, and a fifth standard reader. In addition, were a Shakespeare and a Longfellow and a few novels. He knew, somehow, that the latter were old and out of date. He had never read any of them, not even the Scott's "Ivanhoe."

"They are nearly all school books," he said.

"Yes," she assented. "But," she hastened to add, apologetically, "I was not at school very long. I had to help father. But I have studied"—she smiled—"That is too grand a word. I've learned some of them since, when I've had time."

"I suppose you've read all these?" he said, trying to speak casually, and only partially succeeding. An idea had occurred to him.

"Oh, yes," she replied," with a little laugh.

It was the first time he had heard her laugh, and it gave him a new sensation. It was a new thing in music, and he longed to hear it again.

"Oh, yes; some of them many times."

"That must be rather a bore," he said. "I wonder whether you would let me send you some books, Miss Grey?"

He put the question in the most off hand way, and kept his face turned from her.

Nance looked up quickly, a sudden light of gratitude kindling in her violet eyes.

"Oh—oh!—but I could not—— I mean—no, thank you."

He went back to his seat, and, leaning his arms on the table, looked at her with a smile on his handsome face.

"Why couldn't you?" he asked. "There are no end of books—novels, most of 'em—kicking about my rooms; they're always in the way. Why shouldn't you let me lend some of them to you? I don't read half of them, and they very often get destroyed. I rather think my landlady's servant lights the fire with them. It's a positive waste, now we come to think of it. Now, if you'd let me lend them to you, I should take it as a favor. Do!"

She hesitated still.

"Where's the harm?" he persisted, the smile still on his face shining in his frank eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MELANCHOLY.—There is a real sort of melancholy, distressing alike to its unfortunate possessor and to those around, which arises from no very serious cause, and certainly from no poetic temperament. It is that irritable, peevish and morbid gloominess which comes from inattention to those physical, social and moral conditions the observance of which is necessary to cheerfulness. Those who never seek to keep their temper in check, nor to resist the habit of uncharitable judgment, largely secrete "black bile." Inactive and listless stay-at-homes who refuse to let the cheery air laugh their ill-humors out of countenance, and the bright sunshine gladden them with its genial glow, are equally affected. So, too, are those who, indoors, do not seek in the arrangements of home, and by attention to the little surroundings of their daily life, to promote cheerful comfort. Very wise was Sydney Smith when he told a melancholy lady of this class to keep a bright fire, the kettle merrily boiling, and—we think—a paper of sweetmeats on the mantelpiece. Indifference to small matters of comfort may throw the whole soul out of tune. In mental labor a feeling of ease in little physical points wonderfully assists in doing the work well.

IN MEXICO two substitute jurors sit near the jury box in a trial. If one of the regulars fails ill a substitute takes his place and the trial proceeds.

Bric-a-Brac.

GROG.—"Grog," the sea term for rum-and-water, it may not be generally known, derived its name from Admiral Edward Vernon, who wore grogram breeches, and hence was called "Old Grog." About the year 1745 he ordered his sailors to dilute their rum with water.

STRANGERS.—An Afghan is bound by custom to grant a stranger who crosses his threshold and claims protection any favor he may ask, even at the risk of his own life. Yet, apart from this, he is cruel and revengeful, never forgiving a wrong, and retaliating at the first opportunity.

GLASS WINDOWS.—When glass windows were first introduced, they were not fixtures, but were regarded as movable chattels. In 1599 Lord Coke, in the Common Pleas, adjudged that "glass annexed to window frames by nails, or any other manner, could not be removed, for without glass it was no perfect house."

THE ORRERY.—A specialist in astronomy objects to the orrery because it gives so false a notion of proportions in matters celestial. An orrery that should have a sun one inch in diameter must, to preserve proportion, makes the earth so small as to be almost invisible, and place the nearest fixed star at a distance of 300 miles from the sun.

PARRICIDES.—In Ashantee parricides are tied hand and foot to stakes driven in the ground near a large ant hill. The ants are then irritated by sticks thrust into the entrance to their dwellings, a guard is set at a respectful distance to prevent rescue, and the prisoner is left to be eaten alive. In 48 eight hours nothing is left of the criminal but a neatly-cleaned skeleton.

AT MALTA.—At Malta water is connected on the flat roofs, which are most carefully cleaned, preparatory to the heavy fall of rain which takes place when the weather breaks, the first or second week in September. Every house has below it an immense tank, often of the same area as the house and about twelve feet deep, and into this pours the beautiful fresh water, which comes up cool and sparkling when wanted.

IN TUNGORA.—If a man commits a murder in Tungora, none of the natives will defile their hands or weapons by killing him. He is supposed to be haunted by the spirit of his victim until he goes mad and kills himself, but as a matter of fact the priests capture and strangle him unknown to the rest of the community. The thongs with which the wretch's life is squeezed out of his body are then burned before the image of Kali and the ashes crammed into the dead man's mouth, by this means purifying his corpse.

"BOOT AND SADDLE."—When cavalry are to prepare for the march, "Boot and saddle" is sounded. It might easily be imagined that this originally meant that the men were to put on their riding boots and saddle their horses. Such however is not the origin of the phrase. We have borrowed many of our military technical terms from the French, and, among others, "Boot and saddle." This is a corruption of "Route selle," which means simply "Saddle," route being an old Norman word still used by the peasantry, signifying place. "Route-selle" is therefore "Place the saddle."

MARCH.—If March is made conspicuous among its fellows by any particular characteristic, it is by that painful habit of blowing and roaring at all times and seasons. The Romans seem to have recognized this tendency in the name they gave it. They called it after their war god, Mars, as if to indicate that they believed it to be a fierce and fighting month, after the deity's own heart. But the winds of March are, after all, very necessary and very useful. They dry the dykes which February has filled; they prepare the ground for the tillage, and go a long way to provide us with a fair prospect of the coming harvest.

AN OLD RECORD.—Herr Brugsch, the well-known Egyptologist, has been lecturing in his native country, Switzerland. He asserts that in a roll of papyrus preserved in the museum at Liege are to be found regular records of the stones moved by the children of Israel to form the works of a great city built by Ramoses II., and even of the issue of rations made to their parties of workmen. There is also declared to be in this roll a poem in praise of the newly erected city. It records the extent of the buildings, and the fact that the Israelites delivered daily a certain number of bricks for them under military observation and check.

You never know how fond you are of a boy until you become engaged to his sister.

"GOOD-BYE."

BY A. H. S.

"Good-bye!" the last fond glance of love is given,
The last fond word, with trembling tears, is said.
To meet again? We know not! Only Heaven
Can tell if we are long may mourn the dead.

"Good-bye!" O word how often lightly spoken,
From lip to lip how often lightly passed!
Foresee we not the golden chain is broken,
Foresee not that good-bye shall be the last.

IN SILKEN CHAINS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

SILAS lashed the horse savagely, and quite unnecessarily, and in pure ignorance of the fact that the stable boy, who had been left almost entirely alone in the excitement—for even the groom and coachmen were up at the house—had given him one of the most spirited and fidgetty of the animals, and the horse dashed along with his head up and his nostrils distended.

Harold Thane, aroused from his gloomy reverie by the swaying of the cart, looked up.

"Take care," he said; "you've got one of my best horses."

"One of yours!" said Silas, with a laugh and a sneer. "Here, you'd better get up and drive yourself."

But Thane shook his head. "I'd better run the chance of your breaking my neck than being seen."

"You'd be certain to have your neck broken then," retorted Silas coarsely. But he drove more carefully, and had passed through the gates safely, when suddenly a boy ran out from the footpath and called to him.

The horse started and swerved, but Silas managed to hold him, and with an oath demanded of the boy what he wanted.

"It's a telegram for you, sir," said the lad, holding up the buff envelope. "I've been to Mr. Fletcher's house and waited there ever so long, 'cause there's an answer; then they said I'd better come on to the Chase, as you might be there."

Silas snatched the telegram from his hand, and held it near the lamp; but the horse fidgetted and he could not read. He took the lamp from its socket, read the telegram by it, then, with a cry, dropped the lamp with a clatter into the bottom of the cart.

Off started the horse, leaving the boy staring after them; and for a mile Silas had as much as he could do to prevent the animal from doing a sheer bolt.

"What the devil is the matter?" demanded Thane, sitting up, but without offering to take the reins; indeed, he watched what he could see of Silas's white, haggard face with grim, sardonic satisfaction.

"Matter!" said Silas, between his teeth. "I am ruined! This is from my partner. The 'corner' we were working has broken down, and—and—I am utterly broke!"

"Is that all?" said Thane, with a sneer.

"Isn't that enough?" retorted Silas, with an oath.

But it was not all, for the partner had added a few words in cipher, which meant —"Make yourself scarce."

"Wait until you are wanted for murder," said Thane, grimly. "Here, give me the reins!" he broke off, as the wheel of the trap came into collision with a curbstone, and the vehicle swayed ominously, and he snatched the reins from Silas's shaking hands.

Silas resigned his place, and bowed his head on his hands.

"Ruined!" he groaned; "and—and if all had gone right, I should have been worth a hundred thousand! The fools have blundered somehow. It wouldn't have happened if I'd been there; but I've been looking after other people's affairs."

Thane laughed malignantly.

"You haven't improved them if you mean me by 'other people,'" he said. "Stop whining, and keep a look out. If I'm seen——" He paused significantly.

Silas bethought him that he had also no desire to be recognized, and he slipped down to the bottom of the cart with a lugubrious sigh.

"You must drive," he said. "I can't. This bad news has taken all the heart out of me. Ruined! ruined!"

There was silence for a moment. Then he said coaxingly—

"You said you had some money, Thane. You must let me have some; you must let me have half——"

Thane did not condescend to turn his head, but simply laughed.

"You must!" said Silas, excitedly. "I —I haven't a penny beyond a pound or two in my pocket——"

"Go up to London and make another hundred thousand," said Thane laconically. "Usually it's done with half-a-crown by such fellows as you. Any way, you can save your breath. I shouldn't give you a sovereign."

Silas sat up and gnashed his teeth.

"And—and I've risked everything to save you," he said. "What's to prevent my giving you up at the first place we come to?"

Thane glanced at him with his blood-shot eyes.

"Say that again and I'll put a bullet through you or pitch you out of the cart," he snarled. "See here!"

He took out the revolver and shook it in front of Silas's face.

"If you have the least idea of playing me false, get rid of it at once, for, by heaven! at the first sign of any treachery, I'll shoot you without warning."

Silas drew back from the weapon and groaned.

"Of course, I was only—only joking," he said. "But I think you're serving me badly, after all I've done for you."

"What you have done has been to serve your own purpose," said Thane. "And now hold your tongue; I'm in no mood for talk. I will drive until we get near the town; then you must come up here, and let me hide again."

They drove on at a rapid pace, though under Thane's hands the horse was going more quietly; but he was still nervous, and ready to start at anything that turned up.

The night grew overcast; a soft but wetting rain began to drop. Silas whined miserably.

"I shall catch my death of cold," he sighed.

Thane took no notice, but stared moodily in front of him; but presently he shivered and took out a brandy flask and put it to his lips.

"You might offer me some," said Silas, resentfully.

Thane tossed the empty flask to him. "There was not enough for two," he said, sardonically.

Silence again—a silence which seemed eloquent of the hatred between the two men.

Suddenly the light of a carriage came towards them. Thane kept near to his side of the road, and taking out the other lamp flung it over the hedge.

"What's that for?" demanded Silas with alarm.

"Someone coming," replied Thane. "They will scarcely see us if we have no lights."

"But we shall be run into!" said Silas, with alarm.

"We would, no doubt, if you were driving. Go to sleep; hold your tongue, at any rate."

The lights approached swiftly, and Thane drew close up to the hedge, and stopped the horse.

As the carriage came abreast of them he bent down and looked in at the window. A woman's face appeared at it—a fair face with golden hair.

It was Lady Sybil.

Thane started to his feet with an oath. The sight of her had roused all his passion as by some evil magic. He swung the horse round so abruptly that it reared, then lashed it into a gallop after the carriage.

Silas rose, and clutched the seat.

"What are you doing? Where are you going? You are going back! Are you mad?" he exclaimed.

Thane laughed loudly, and continued to lash the horse. There was no distinct idea, desire, in his mind; only the impulse to follow the woman he loved—and hated—so intensely, that in his madness he was ready to risk his neck to gain another sight of her—another word with her.

Silas clambered on to the seat, and, half distraught with terror, caught the reins, and clung to them.

"Let go!" shouted Thane. "I will follow her! I'll drag her out! I'll——"

He was foaming at the lips; his bloodshot eyes, fixed on the carriage in front of them, seemed starting from their sockets.

Silas tugged at the reins, and still clung to them, though Thane struck him a blow across the face.

The inevitable result followed.

The light cart swaying violently to and fro, was run up against the curbstone, and in another instant was overturned. Both men were thrown out, and the horse lay struggling on his side.

Silas was the first to recover the shock. He sat up, with his hand on his head, and looked round. The horse got to his feet, and, being well bred, stood quietly enough but trembling. Half under the cart lay Thane, motionless.

Silas crawled to him, and, striking a match, held it near his face. The eyes were closed, the lips open, the white, even teeth set and clenched; blood stood, but did not run, round a wound on the left temple.

Silas rose, shivering and shuddering. Somehow, though no doctor, he knew that his companion and accomplice was dead. For a few minutes he leant against the overturned cart, trembling and shaking; then—naturally—he began to think of himself.

Slowly, with a mixture of eagerness and horrified reluctance, he knelt beside the dead man, and emptied his pockets. The sight of the notes and jewels gave him a little courage and spirit, and more quickly he returned all the rest of the contents into the pockets, thrust the notes and jewels into his own, and, without another glance at the white, blood-stained face, set off quickly in the direction of the station.

There was no hue and cry after him—at present—and he could catch the market train and reach London—America perhaps —without being stopped. Poor America! What has she done that every villain, when he flies from justice, should make for her hospitable shores?

The rain ceased, the moon shone out again, and poured its bland, yet pitiless rays upon the dead face lying in the road; just as they had shone on Mary Marshall's a few hours previously. The mills of God grind surely, and sometimes with wonderous speed!

CHAPTER XLIV.

ONE afternoon, eight months later, the young Countess of Chesney held an "At Home" at the Chase. It was the first entertainment she had given since the death of the late earl—who had never spoken again after his recognition of his son, but had slowly drifted, and in silence, to his rest—and the magnificent salon was very crowded.

Indeed, everyone was there, from the county families to the doctor and the curate; and the attention of one and all was concentrated upon the beautiful girl-wife, who, still in half mourning, moved about from guest to guest, welcoming each with her sweet smile and softly musical voice.

Never very far from her side was her husband, Norman Lechmere, now Earl of Chesney; and everyone remarked that though she had a smile for all, a special one was reserved for him, and that it beautified her whenever he spoke to or touched her. Her love for him shone out from her eyes, dwelt on her lips, was eloquent in every gesture; and one lady—Lady Landon—who had already become a great friend of the countess, sighed as she whispered to her husband—

"Is it not beautiful to watch her? She reminds me of the princess in the fairy story. Do you remember, Royce?"

"Which one? You know so many fairy stories, Irene."

"The one in which the poor princess wanders through the woods for days and days under the spell of a wicked magician——" She broke off as Madge came up to her, and she took her hand with sisterly affection. "I was likening you to the princess in the story, Madge," she said. "The one who went through such terrible trials in the haunted wood, getting her hands torn by the briars, and suffering from all sorts of dangers and perils till her good fairy came to her rescue, and led her out into the bright sunshine, where the handsome young prince awaited her, and made her his wife."

Madge blushed and smiled, and glanced with a charming mixture of love and shyness at Norman, where he stood amongst his guests, his tall figure rearing above the rest.

Lord Landon laughed.

"My wife is fond of romance, Lady Chesney," he said. "But who was the benefi cent fairy in this instance, Irene?"

Lady Landon looked up at Madge's face.

"The princess's own goodness," she said. "That is the best fairy a woman can have, and she is always by Madge's side."

"That's very pretty," said Lord Landon, laughing again. "What do you say, Lady Chesney, to so neatly-worded a compliment?"

Madge smiled though her lips quivered.

"There is another name for her, Lord Landon," she said in a very low voice, and she bent and whispered in Lady Landon's ear, then quickly turned away to speak to some other guests.

"What did she say?" asked Lord Landon.

"Only one word," was the reply, and the speaker's eyes grew moist. "'Love! Yes, she is right. It is only love that can save us from all the perils of life, and guide us safely through this dark world to the sunlight beyond!"

The "At Home" was a great success, and the crowd went to their carriages, or streamed on foot through the drive, loud in their admiration of the new earl and his lovely wife; and presently the two were left standing side by side alone in the great room.

He looked at her proudly.

"Well, Madge," he said, "your first great function is over. What do you think of it?"

"It was not so terrible after all," she said, putting her arm through his; "and I was not nearly so nervous as I thought I should have been; but then everyone was so kind. If I could only remember one-half the nice things people said to me! Here is one, Norman," and blushing again she repeated Lady Landon's words.

He nodded and laughed tenderly.

"They said nice things to me also, Madge," he said. "But I haven't any difficulty in remembering them, for they all harped on one string—my extraordinary luck in winning such a beautiful, charming wife——"

She put her hand on his lips, her face crimson, her eyes glowing.

"Ah, Norman, if I were only more worthy of you!" she murmured.

"Just so," he said with a smile. "Well, I suppose I must put up with you as you are. And now what do you say to a stroll? Run and put your hat on."

She joined him on the steps a few minutes later, and they strolled through the park, and insensibly they took the path leading to the little village church, where, barely a month ago, they had been made man and wife.

In silence they went up the path, and stood looking at the ivy-grown tower. There was no need for speech between them, for each was thinking of the other—of the "haunted wood" through which they had passed, of the sunlit land on which they were now dwelling.

Then, suddenly Norman, who had glanced round the churchyard, uttered an exclamation.

She followed his eyes to where they rested on a new gravestone, and the color left her face as she walked up to the grave with him.

It was a plain but massive stone newly placed, and the recently-cut inscription read thus—

"In memory of
LORD HAROLD LECHMERE.
Thy sins are forgiven thee. Go in peace."

And underneath ran—

"And of M. M."

"Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all its chords with might,
Smote the chord of Self that, trembling passed in music out of sight."

In this grave lay Harold Thane and the woman who had loved him even unto death.

"You are not angry, Norman?" Madge whispered. "I ought to have asked you before I had it set up, but—but—I thought——"

He put his hand—it trembled a little—on her shoulder.

"All you do is right and best, dearest," he said. "Yes, it was like you to put those lines! Poor Thane! He was sinned against as well as sinning. Who is it says that 'Wrong breeds wrong?' There let them rest together, Madge! We can forget, you and I, in our great happiness, everything save that he was of my kith and kin, and that she——"

"She has found her way through this world into the sunlight beyond!" Madge whispered. And as she spoke she plucked some flowers from a bank, and tenderly, reverently laid them on the grave.

They passed out of the churchyard, hand in hand, like two lovers, and made their way without a word to the cottage, passed through the back gate, and—after a glance round the "small garden," at the seat in which a certain boy and girl had once sat, reading "Robinson Crusoe," at the latticed window, up to which that boy had climbed—they went up to the door.

As they paused a moment they heard voices within, and they exchanged a glance of interrogation.

"There is someone with grandfather! Who can it be?" said Madge.

Norman opened the door and looked into

the little sitting-room. Mr. Gordon was sitting at the table, littered with papers and specimens; the room was redolent of tobacco smoke, which came from the pipe of none other than Mr. Gerard, who was sitting at his ease in a big chair, smoking hard, and lazily watching the old man.

Madge ran across the room to him, and he gave one hand to her and the other to Norman, nodding to each with his grave, cynical smile.

"Why, how long have you been here?" demanded Madge, blushing and laughing with pleasure.

"Oh, two or three hours," he said, preparing to lay down his pipe; but Madge took it, and put it to his lips again with a laugh.

"How wicked of you not to let us know—not to come up to us!" she said, with affectionate reproach.

"Oh, I was coming up; but I heard that you had a great show on—heard it just in time, by good luck—and so I stayed where I was."

"You hermit! laughed Norman. "I thought you had lost your shyness now that you are a great Academy swell."

For be it known that the bust which Mr. Gerard had made of Madge Gordon had achieved a great success, and the great world of art was raving both of the "sculper" and the "scalped," as 'Tilda would have called them.

Mr. Gerard made a mock shudder.

"Don't talk of it!" he said plaintively. "Sometimes, if it weren't for you"—he looked at her with a half-concealed admiration and tenderness—"I could wish that I'd never cut that bust. It's proved the bane of my life. Such a fuss! They send me invitations to their swell parties —— I should look a pretty old idiot in a dress coat amongst a lot of gaping fashionables, shouldn't I?"

"You'd look nice and pretty anywhere, you dear bear!" said Madge. "But I am so glad to see you! You and grandfather must come up and have dinner with us, mustn't they, Norman?"

"Yes, if I carry them both," was the instant response.

Mr. Gerard laughed and shook his head.

"Mr. Gordon has just ordered a grand high tea," he said. "I daresay he'll let you stay if you ask him nicely."

"We'll stay," said Madge, "whether he asks us or not. And I'll make the toast!" she added, laughing and glancing archly at her husband, as the neat servant whom she had engaged for the old man entered with the tray.

"It's all make-believe," said Mr. Gerard. "You've both had your tea at your swell 'At Home!'"

"No, indeed, we haven't," said Madge earnestly. "We were so busy attending to other people that we didn't get any ourselves. Oh, what a delightful tea cake," she cried enthusiastically, as she helped the maid clear the table—no easy task, seeing that Mr. Gordon clung to every scrap of paper and every specimen, only relinquishing it reluctantly after some time.

But the table was cleared eventually, and the tea temptingly laid out, and Madge at the head called them to their places.

Her husband, as he looked at her as she bent over the tea pot, her face all sweet purity and earnestness, could not fail to be reminded of that afternoon in which he had taken tea in Harding street; and his heart was filled with gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts. Only eight months ago he lay in Dexmouth Prison—his liberty, perhaps his life, threatened by two scoundrels. One—his own cousin, alas!—was dead; the other a fugitive from justice. providence had shattered their plots and restored him to his proper place in the world, and to a happiness beyond words.

Perhaps Madge read his thoughts as she raised her eyes to his, for she secretly sought his hand under the table and clasped it in hers with a half shy, half guilty blush that would have become the little Madge Gordon who sat on the garden seat reading "Robinson Crusoe" some five years ago.

Though she thought the loving, sympathetic embrace unseen, Mr. Gerard noticed it, and he smiled to himself approvingly as he sipped his tea and ate the daintily-browned cake.

But it was by no means a silent meal, for presently Norman roused himself from his love-reverie, and began to talk, asking Mr. Gerard for all the town news, and especially for news of that art world in which the great sculptor had at last taken his proper position. He told them a little —only a little—for like all great men, he hated talking of himself.

"You should ask 'Tilda," he said, with a laugh. "For she knows more about the fashionables who come pestering than I do. She receives them and shows them round the studio, and it is better than a play to see her point to a fresh head and hear her say, 'That's 'Omer, who rote poetery, and that's a busk of Columbus, as discovered Amerikey; and that there is Poker haukis, as eat Captain Smith, the Pirate; and the big stater in the corner is Trooth, doin' her hair in a 'and glass.'"

Madge laughed with the rest, but with an undertone of affectionate liking and sympathy in her laugh.

"Why do you employ 'Tilda as cicerone, and how does she manage to spare the time?"

"Oh, there is another servant now at the lodgings—a slip of a girl even more Lilliputian than 'Tilda; and I engaged her to show visitors round because I thought her mad 'h's' and sublime ignorance would drive them away. But it appears to have had the contrary effect; and I am inclined to think that they regard her as by far the best part part of the show. Anyway, they still come in flocks." And he groaned.

"You will have to have a separate exhibition of your works in one of the rooms at Burlington House," said Norman.

"Well, I'm afraid it may come to that," said Mr. Gerard with a sigh. "If anyone considers fame to be all 'beer and skittles' he makes a vast mistake. You'll find that out presently, Mr. Gordon." And he laid his hand on the old man's shoulder.

Mr. Gordon turned his absent glance upon him inquiringly, and, smiling, shook his head.

"Fame will never trouble me, Mr. Gerard," he said, cheerfully enough, but with just the suspicion of a sigh.

"I'm not so sure of that," returned Mr. Gerard, and he got up from the table and stamped out of the room.

"Where has he gone now?" said Norman.

Madge shook her head, but kept her eyes on the door expectantly; and presently the sculptor entered with a square brown-paper parcel in his hand.

He cut the string with the bread-knife, and took out a handsome volume, bound in "green cloth, gilt lettered," and placing it in Mr. Gordon's hands, looked down at him with a grave smile of sympathy and pleasure.

The old man took up the book, and, arranging his spectacles, read the title. Then he uttered a little cry, and the volume almost fell from his trembling hands.

"Why—why, it's my book! My book! How—how is this? You told me when you took away the MS. that you wanted to look over it; you didn't say a word about getting it published!"

"Didn't I?" responded his friend, looking quite shame-faced. "I—I must have forgotten it!"

With a cry of delight Madge ran round to her grandfather, and hung over his chair with one arm round his neck.

"Oh, grandfather! Look me look! No, no; after you, I mean. Oh, how pretty it is! How nice it looks! Oh, Mr. Gerard!" And she beamed gratitude and affection at him. "What shall I say to him, Norman? Aren't you surprised? Ah!" For she saw by Norman's face that he was in the secret.

"I—I thought we'd get it out quietly, and without bothering him," said Mr. Gerard, still looking like a schoolboy caught in the act of robbing an orchard.

"Beautiful! Beautiful!" murmured the old man, turning over the pages of thick paper and clear tpye, and carefully-drawn and colored illustrations, with fingers that trembled with excitement. "I—I had given up all hope of ever seeing it. Do—do you think it will be a success?"

As he spoke, a slip of printed matter fluttered from between the flyleaf and the cover.

Norman picked it up.

"It's a notice from the Scientific Journal," he said, mentioning the great authority on such a work as that which Mr. Gordon had written. "Read it, Madge."

Madge read it in a voice that quivered with pleasure and gratification, for it was an extremely laudatory review—just the sort of notice that sends the author of the book so spoken of into the seventh heaven.

"I thought I'd wait until the notice came out before I showed him the book," said Mr. Gerard, under his breath. "There are several others, they're slipped in between the pages so that he'll come upon them gradually. It's going to be a great success—it is a great success already!" And he shook the hand which Mr. Gordon speechlessly held out to him.

"And you have done it all! Oh, what must I say, what can I say to him, Norman?" Madge cried.

Norman looked from the glowing face to the red, bashful one of the sculptor, and smiled.

"I thought you women knew a better way of paying a man than in words," he said significantly. But he stared and laughed as Madge, crimsoning, said in a low voice, "Oh, but I've—I've done that before!" But she stood on tiptoe and kissed Mr. Gerard once again.

After a little while she and Norman, leaving the two others engaged upon the book, went out into the garden.

The sun was going down; the light had taken a warm rose tinge; the "small garden" and the ivy-clad walls of the cottage were suffused by the golden glory. It bathed the two in a warm flood of light, which seemed symbolical of their happiness.

They sat on the old seat, side by side, and the sad, bitter years of sorrow and trial, of anguish, and despondency, seemed to have faded away in a dream. All that had passed—their cruel separation, Madge's bitter struggle in London, the days of terrible suspense—appeared but the unsubstantial shadows of a night.

As he put his arm round her, and she let her head sink with a sigh of loving rest and peace upon his heart, both their eyes fell upon the little window.

"Do you remember, dearest?" he said in a low voice. "Look!" And he took a small, thin package from his breast-pocket and opening it, displayed the lock of silky black hair and the little handkerchief.

"Let us try and think that I have only just come back from 'making my fortune' Madge; that their have been no trials, no tragedy; that you have never left the 'small garden,' dearest, but have just watched and waited till I came back to claim 'my little wife.'"

"Yes, yes," she responded in a whispar, as she nestled closer to him and put her lips to his. "It was all a dream, a bad dream, and only this is real and true Norman—my husband!"

* * * * *

One evening, in the winter of that year—that happy year!—the Earl of Chesney was going home from his club in Pall Mall. He was hurrying along, his handsome head erect, his face bright and cheerful, for he was due at home for an early dinner, having booked himself for a theatre with Madge and Mr. Gerard, and, being in a hurry, he scarcely noticed a hungry looking individual, who limped beside him, holding out a box of matches, and whining in the orthodox fashion; but, as Norman paused a moment to look at his watch, thinking that he must take a hansom, after all—for he was one of those rare husbands who do not keep their wives waiting for dinner—something in the face of the man struck him, and he looked at him.

They were standing under a street lamp, the light from which fell upon the beggar's face, and Norman, with a start; recognized Silas Fletcher.

"Fletcher!" he said.

The man started in his turn, and raised his blear eyes to Norman's face, then drew back with an exclamation of fear and shame, and looked from right to left, as if meditating flight. But he remained standing and staring at Norman, his lips moving silently.

Norman was shocked at the terrible change in the man. The thin, emaciated face, the sunken eyes and trembling jaw, were all eloquent of drink, misery, squalor.

"It is you, isn't it Fletcher?" he said gravely.

"Yes, it's me, my lord," whined Silas, drawing his greasy coat-sleeve across his lips. "What's left of me, at least. I did not know it was you, or I wouldn't have stopped you."

He turned, as if to shuffle off; but Norman arrested him with a gesture of the hand.

"Wait!" he said, eyeing him pitifully, for Norman Lechmere, though hot-tempered enough and quick to anger, was not slow to forgive.

And, besides, he was happy, prosperous, while this poor wretch——

"You seem in a bad case, Fletcher," he said.

Silas shook his head and groaned.

"No man is in a worse one, my lord," he whined huskily. "I've not had a morsel to eat since——"

"How have you come down to this?" asked Norman, his pity almost hardened by the mendicant tone and manner.

"Bad luck," said Fletcher, with a dismal sigh. "Nothing but bad luck. Everything's gone against me?"

As he spoke he took off his battered hat, and wiped his cadaverous brow with the dirty remnant of a red-colored handkerchief, and Norman saw that his hair had recently suffered the prison crop.

"It don't matter where I go, or what I do, it's sure to turn out wrong," whined Silas. "America, Spain, here in England, it's all the same. Luck's against me. It's want of capital——"

Norman's face grew momentarily stern.

"You had the money and jewels you stole from the dead man," he said.

The seared face reddened for an instant, and his bleared eyes fell.

"If they said so, they lied," he stammered, with a miserable attempt at indignation and injured innocence.

"No matter," said Norman, gravely. "If you had them they have brought you no good. I have no reproaches for you. No punishment I could have dealt out to you could have been more severe than this." And he looked at the miserable figure.

"No, you're right," said Silas, bitterly. "I've been punished enough. And I was not the worst. He was worse than I was, and had all the luck. I wish I'd broken my neck instead of him. I would have been better for me. But you won't bear a grudge, my lord?" he continued, assuming the tone of the professional cadger. "You will let bygones be bygones? You can afford to! You've won all along the line. You're a great nobleman, rolling in wealth, and I'm a common beggar in the gutter—I who was once a City swell. It's hard—hard!"

"Yes, I can afford to let bygones be bygones," said Norman. "And I will help you."

The bleared eyes glittered greedily, and Silas extended a grimy paw.

Norman dropped some money into it.

"Give me your address," he said, "and I will send you the same sum every week. Never mind," as Silas broke into a string of "God bless's." "The address, please."

Silas gave him the name of a common lodging-house, and Norman, edging away from his oppressive expressions of gratitude, fled into a hansom.

"Why, Norman, how unlike you; you are ten minutes late!" exclaimed Madge, as he bent to kiss her—a little ceremony which he always performed on quitting or returning to the house.

"Y—es, dear," he said, as he got out of his coat and gave a hand to Mr. Gerard. "Sorry, but I met an old—acquaintance, and stopped to—er—chat with him."

"Did you? An old acquaintance? How strange! Another old acquaintance has been here this afternoon. Look!" And she took up a card from the basket and held it to him.

"Lady Sybil Delamoor!" he said with surprise, and something not far removed from displeasure.

"Have you done with it?" she asked, as he stared at it and she took it from his hand.

"Did you see her?" he asked.

"No," said Madge, "I was out."

She spoke from the writing-table, where she had taken the card, and Norman asked her what she was doing.

"I am putting it in an envelope to send back to her," she said quietly.

It was a severe thing to do, but she did it.

And this much may be said in extenuation, that it was the only act of severity which the friends of the Countess of Chesney ever knew her commit, for there is no sweeter natured, no more tender hearted woman in the world than Madge.

And I suppose we must forgive her as freely as we love her.

[THE END.]

THE SMART LITTLE BOY. Teacher: "Now, dear children, as you have been good today, I'll give you a conundrum to answer. It is said:

"'When we are young we want to have it, and when we have got it we no longer have any use for it.'

Tommy: "I know what it is."

Teacher: "What is it, Tommy?"

Tommy: "It is a wife."

Teacher: "Who told you that was the answer?"

Tommy: "I heard my father say so."

Teacher (thoughtfully): "That answer is not so far out of the way, after all, but the answer I meant was 'maturity.' When we are young we want to be older, and when we have attained age we no longer want it; but as your father remarked, Tommy, it is the same with a wife. The class is dismissed."

THE parasitic fig indigenous to the tropics is a most extraordinary plant. Its seeds are distributed by birds, and if one drops and lodges in a fruit tree it will germinate there and send a long root to the ground and draw nourishment through it. It then rapidly spreads over the unfortunate tree and strangles it.

DEAL GENTLY.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"Deal gently with us, ye who read!
Our largest hope is unfulfilled;
The promise still outruns the deed;
The tower but not the spire we build.

"Our whitest pearl we never find;
our ripest fruit we never reach;
The flowering moments of the mind
Lose half their petals in our speech."

Sebastian Delpiano.

BY B. E. K.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

BEING supposed by her mother to possess a turn for painting, and having received many lessons in it, she tried to reproduce on paper those scenes which charmed her. Wandering about with her little paint-box and sketch book she would boldly and unskilfully set to work at the most difficult bits, and then in despair at the mess she made of her attempted pictures, would rub all out again with tears of vexation in her pretty eyes. "If only I could have sketching lessons here," she often said, so often that at last to satisfy her Lady Emily made inquiries of the hotel keeper whether there was any artist in the place who gave lessons. Yes, there was an artist, but he did not give lessons, Signor Colombi thought; still he might be asked. Hearing this, Ginevra burned to have lessons from this "celebrated" man, the more so from the apparent uncertainty of obtaining them. Through the medium of three people did this wish reach Sebastian's ears. The hotelkeeper had of course spoken of it to his wife, who, possessed of a romantic turn of mind, was immediately fired with the idea of bringing the handsome painter and lovely young English miss together. Sebastian was loved and reverenced by the simple San Roccites; his devotion to his sick aunt—for as such he passed off his mother, wishing securely to guard their secret—would have sufficed to cast a halo round him in their eyes, and to add to it he was the kindest and most generous friend the poor fisher-folk had ever known.

Madame Colombi went straight off to a Mr. Delaine, the oldest English resident in the place, and the only member of San Rocco society who could boast of a friendship with the painter, who held himself aloof in impenetrable seclusion. This Mr. Delaine was a kind-hearted, somewhat eccentric man, endowed with a superabundant vitality and energy, which found outlet in the pursuance of numerous fads which succeeded each other with surprising rapidity.

At that time he had a craze for everything Italian, and plunged into the religious discussions of the day with more vehemence than discretion. He held the chair at Campanello meetings, undertook the propaganda of the new doctrines, and contrived to make a perpetual stir around him.

In clothes manufactured by the San Rocco tailor, an enormous felt wideawake on his head, he had succeeded in annihilating the tailor-made, outward aspect of an Englishman, but his round fresh colored face and bushy sandy-colored whiskers gave the lie to his assumption of Italianism. The Delpianos had aroused his curiosity, there were rumors afloat about Sebastian's celebrity as a painter, but the life he led was more that of a hermit than of one who had made his mark in the world. What could be the reason of his burying himself thus at San Rocco?

One day Mr. Delaine had walked into the studio unannounced, where the painter was idling away a leisure hour off duty, his mother being employed taking her mid-day siesta.

"My name is Delaine, of Villa Eglantine. I would have come and called on you long ago, but have been so busy of late about that anti-Catholic movement we have got up. When Campanello comes we shall have a grand meeting and knock our opponents all into nowhere.

"Suppose you don't take much interest in these questions—taken up with art, eh? A lot of fine things you seem to have here. May I have a look round?" and Mr. Delaine proceeded to make a minute inspection of the sketches hung on the studio walls, stepping back, shading his eyes with his hand and keeping up running comments: "Very fine that—awfully good—true to nature—what!" etc., while Sebastian, divided between feelings of half-amusement, half-annoyance, at the intrusion of this eccentric visitor, followed him about with his hands in his pockets, receiving his compliments in silence.

At the end of half an hour Mr. Delaine took his departure, leaving behind him a more favorable impression than he had made at his entry. Sebastian appreciated the honest, straight-forward bluntness of the man, whose name he had often before heard from the poor folks of San Rocco, in connection with little deeds of kindness, showing a heart in the right place.

And so in time a friendship had grown up between the two men. The painter was often glad when he could escape from his weary watch beside his mother's sick couch and go to Villa Eglantine and have a chat and a smoke with its cheery inmate. Mr. Delaine's kindly heart had warmed to Sebastian from the first.

Seeing him so lonely, guessing him to be unhappy, was enough to secure the good man's friendship.

"He has a skeleton in his cupboard," he thought, "but he keeps the door tight shut that no outsiders may have a peep at it. Well, whatever it is, it is no concern of mine, and what I have to do is to try and cheer the poor beggar up a bit; that aunt of his must be real riling, and he has the patience of a saint with her."

Madame Delpiano had expressed a wish to know her son's English friend, so he had nothing for it but to bring him into his mother's drawing-room, where she lay all day long in semi-obscurity, with closed shutters, on her long chair, got up in an elaborate negligé, her face touched up with color here and there.

In the half-light the wrinkles and imperfections of the faded face were concealed and it looked still handsome; her large dark eyes, with their circle of belladonna, had a wonderful lustre and depth of expression.

"Fine woman," thought Mr. Delaine, moved by an impulse of admiration, but in spite of her good looks she did not please him as she marked the affected languor and absorbing self-consciousness of her manner.

Since that first visit it was only reluctantly that the honest Englishman was led by Sebastian, in compliance with his mother's wishes, into the semi-lighted drawing-room. Being the only male stranger which had come her way since her retirement to San Rocco, she hailed his visits with great pleasure.

That she should be compelled to lead the life of a recluse was now her great grievance. She had occupied a prominent place in the circles of frivolity and pleasure for too long a time during her life to be able to resign herself cheerfully to end it in the monotony of an elderly invalid lady's existence.

As soon as Mr. Delaine heard of Miss Jones' wish for painting lessons, he hurried off to the Delpianos' villa and out with it to Sebastian, describing the young lady in question in such glowing terms (he only knew her by sight and hearsay from Mrs. Vere) that Sebastian on the spur of the moment said yes, only to regret having done so when Mr. Delaine had already gone off to carry his answer to the hotelkeeper's wife. It was too late, though; he could not retract, and there was nothing else for him to do than to answer the very polite little note sent him by Lady Emily, in which she thanked him for so kindly consenting to give her daughter lessons, by presenting himself the next day at the Hotel d'Angleterre to arrange about the said lessons. He was graciously received by Lady Emily; his quiet gentlemanly manner and refined appearance impressed her favorably. There was none of the self-conscious bumptiousness about him which she thought necessarily belonged to artists of renown but of obscure origin, who have pushed their way upwards. On Ginevra he made no impression at all; he was simply "the painting master," like all the others who had given her lessons, not more individually interesting than her painting blocks or palette. She showed him her little attempts at sketching with a charming frankness of disgust at her own handiwork. It was arranged that, to lose no time, as the Jones' stay at San Rocco was limited to another month, the lessons should begin the very next day.

That evening, when sitting beside his mother's sofa reading aloud to her the "high life" gossip out of the Viennese paper, which was the only thing which interested her, there was another presence in the room which absorbed Sebastian's thoughts. He scarcely knew what he read, and to the irritation of Madame Delpiano, kept making slips and mistakes in the stuff he was giving utterance to. The invisible presence was that of a young girl with sun-kissed hair and great innocent blue eyes.

CHAPTER V.

THE first moment Sebastian saw Ginevra, that wicked little urchin who wields the weapons with such deadly power in his soft rosy fingers had drawn the bow, and the shaft had sped with unerring aim straight into a new victim's quivering heart. In such a case what is the use in all the reasoning, all the logic in the world?

What did it avail Sebastian that he told himself twenty times a day it was folly, yes, even madness, in him to cherish a love for this beautiful young English girl, belonging to quite another world than his own? At the very idea of any one guessing his secret, the burning blood would rush to his cheeks.

Then, turning on the screw of self-torture, he would picture her knowing it and ridiculing his presumption. Her aristocratic mother would even feel offended, of that he was sure. Then, even casting aside all the considerations of birth and position, was there not a shameful barrier for ever set up between him and a realization of any pure dream of love? Was not he his mother's son? Though innocent, he was condemned to suffer for the guilty. But in spite of these fits of despondency, there were moments during which Sebastian tasted the delights of a lover's paradise.

When he was with Ginevra all bitter thoughts vanished; he gave himself up wholly to the enjoyment of seeing her and listening to her. Ginevra was enthusiastic about her sketching lessons, and really made considerable progress. She was accompanied always by old Mrs. Vere, Lady Emily's bronchitis prevention cure forbidding her to take much exercise beyond pottering about the hotel garden.

The old lady saw nothing of the romance going on under her blue spectacles, and indeed how could she have imagined that the silent tongued, shy-mannered painter had fallen desperately in love with his bright young pupil? It was Ginevra who did most of the talking during these sketching expeditions. She chattered away freely to her master, whom she had grown to like and to take an interest in outside the painting lessons. Mrs. Vere had told her about his devotion to his invalid aunt and his kindness to the poor of San Rocco. One day Ginevra had suddenly said, "I have heard your aunt is a great invalid; I hope she is better to-day," and had been surprised at Sebastian coloring crimson and answering shortly, "Thank you, she is better," and he had then bent down his head and commenced mixing furiously the colors on his palette. The girl had the consciousness she had said something she oughtn't to have said, and felt much perplexed. That evening she confided this perplexity to Perkins, the maid, who was brushing her long golden hair with loving carefulness. Perkins had held Ginevra in her arms as a few hours' old baby, and worshipped her accordingly.

"Lor', miss," replied Perkins contemptuously, "furriners are all queer; there's nothing straight about them. Maybe his haunt is not his haunt," with which dark saying Perkins relapsed into silence.

"Not his aunt, Perkins!" cried Ginevra with great interest, wheeling round, by which movement she loosed her hair from Perkins' grasp, and it fell in a sunny shower on her shoulders. "What is she, then? Do tell me. I am sure you know all about them, you do look so knowing. Now tell me quick everything."

"Why do you take such an hinterest in them, miss?" responded Perkins with a shade of suspicion, and then with a little bit of vicious satisfaction she went on: "Folks do say bit's is mother as he 'as got up there, and is ashamed of her for some reason or other; to my mind not at all a nice sentiment in a son, though for that she may be no better than she should be. All furriners are alike. I don't know anything more about them, miss, than what I've told you, and I don't want to neither. A sickly-looking, sour-faced gentleman Mr. Piany is to my thinking, and as for his painting, miss, why, you do it a great deal better."

"That is quite absurd, Perkins," cried her young mistress, with a touch of asperity in her voice, "and his name is not Piany, but Delpiano. What you say about foreigners being all deceitful and bad isn't true, for if you read your history books you will see there have been a great many splendid good men belonging to other nations besides English."

But Perkins would not allow herself to be beaten on this point.

"I knows nothing about history, miss, nor cares for them that's dead and gone long ago. I have my heyes and can see with them, and all these years her ladyship has been taking me about, long before you were born, Miss Ginevra, I have seen what furriners are like. Mighty big in their talk, oh, dear; they will swear the heavens down to prove they are paragons of all the virtues, but they are naught better than the tinkling brass and the sounding cymbal the Bible tells us of as a warning."

Here Perkins stopped, out of breath, and fell to brushing her young mistress's hair again, which operation she had momentarily suspended in her excitement.

All the effect of her eloquence was that Ginevra began to laugh heartily. "You dear old Perkins," she said, "there is no good arguing with you, only I know Mr. Delpiano is good and true, and nice, and that he would not do anything bad or mean, and what you say about his aunt being his mother is nonsense, of course."

Perkins snorted, but thought it better to let the matter drop there. Miss Ginevra was a spoilt child, and would have her own way and believe her own opinion to be the right one: but oh, why had her ladyship allowed these painting lessons?

CHAPTER VI.

IN the meanwhile a great change had taken place in Sebastian. The old apathy, the inertness which had paralyzed his capabilities, had departed as darkness does before the rosy dawn of day. The new love which filled his heart gave him fresh vigor, impelled him to activity.

Life for him since Ginevra had entered into it was again full of interest, of aims and ambitions; he would be great for her sake; whould show what he could do; please God, win fame yet if it were not too late. He felt all the capacity now of doing great things and was full of a restless and feverish activity.

Just at that time his mother's health had improved so much that there was no longer a necessity for his constant attention to her. Up at sunrise he was out all day painting on those days on which he did not give Ginevra a lesson.

It was now the month of March; a stormy one like on the Mediterranean as elsewhere. For three days a fierce mistral had raged, lashing the seas to fury. The great waves thundered unceasingly day and night on the shore, tossing their snowy crests in wild revelry high into the misty grey air. In the chaos of the elements Sebastian's soul kindled with enthusiasm; he would paint the storm he so loved, and if he failed to infuse into the picture that which he felt, well, then for ever would he throw his brush away; better die than fail, he thought, in a passionate yearning for an escape from the thraldom which had held him so long. And now the picture was finished and looking at it Sebastian said to himself, "I have not failed."

With a thrill of delight, a wild hope arose in his breast, to be extinguished the next moment by the chill reflection: "What good will it do me if I regain my place amongst the famous? Even if I were to become the greatest of all living artists, would that bring me any nearer to Ginevra or wipe out the shameful stain with which my mother has tainted me, and which has poisoned my life?"

Mr. Delaine had taken a tremendous interest in the progress of the picture. "It will be splendid, my dear fellow," he kept saying. "I should like to see the critics put their heads together over it when it hangs on the exhibition walls, for of course you will send it to Turin for the Art show the end of next month. Your name will be in all the Italian papers, my dear friend and I shall be proud of you, eh?" The kind-hearted man had not failed to notice the change in Delpiano, the new life and vigor in him and the absence now of the dreamy melancholy which had settled on him. What had caused the change? and the matter interesting him he tried hard to understand it.

Through Mrs. Vere he became acquainted with the Jones' about this time. Her ladyship was gracious to him; seeing him so simple, so unassuming, she did not find it necessary to snub him or remind him he had to do with a sister of the present Duke of Shropshire. Mr. Delaine was delighted with Ginevra; had he been a younger man he would have fallen in love with her; as it was, protected by his three-score years, he only admired her immensely in a paternal sort of way.

One day he had come into the painter's studio unexpectedly, and had found him busy with Ginevra's portrait. Sebastian had colored crimson, he could not hide what he was doing, and felt his secret betrayed to the other man. In this he was

right, for the rapid glance in which Mr. Delaine took in the picture and the confusion of the painter revealed all to him.

"Whew! poor fellow," he thought, "that's it, is it? Well, I am sorry, for no good will come of it, I'm afraid, for him."

His silence and a certain look of awkwardness with which he stared at the picture angered Sebastian, and provoked him to say abruptly:

"Look here what I am doing; I am trying to paint the face whose reflection I carry with me always here," he touched his breast. "I love her to distraction, so help me God!"

Mr. Delaine was startled with the frankness of the avowal and did not find a ready answer; words of congratulation his honesty forbade him utter, and yet he did not want to appear unkind. What he said after a short pause was:

"Well, it is only natural; she is very sweet, and you have caught her likeness admirably," which indeed he had, for every detail of the fair girlish face had been faithfully rendered with a lover's minute observation.

Sebastian made no answer, but turned the picture round as if to hide it from all intruding gaze. His mouth quivered and there was a look in his brown eyes as of some dumb animal in pain. Not a word more was said between the two men about the picture: Mr. Delaine began talking of other things, and gradually Sebastian outwardly recovered his equanimity, and never afterwards did Mr. Delaine refer to his visit to the studio that day.

CHAPTER VII.

LADY SUSAN writes, Harry is coming out this week to Monte Carlo with a friend, and he will come over here to see us, so we may expect him one of these days."

The speaker is Lady Emily Jones and she addresses her daughter, who is bending her pretty blonde head over an unfinished sketch she is working at in the recess of one of the windows. The waiter has just brought in the mornings post and Lady Emily has been reading her letters —this one of her friend's with particular satisfaction, for in addition to the information of Lord Cringeltie's advent on the Riviera is this postscript: "My boy is longing to see Ginevra again; entre nous, my dear, I believe she is the only girl he thinks at all about."

Here followed some expressive points of exclamation. Lady Emily was radiant; were her plans to be crowned with an even speedier fulfilment than she had anticipated? And did it depend on Ginevra if they were? Rather anxiously did Lady Emily watch the effect of her announcement. Ginevra looked up from her painting and held her brush suspended for a minute.

"Harry coming here, mamma? Oh, that's nice; it will be fun seeing him again and hearing about all the tigers he has shot and all his adventures."

Was Lady Emily satisfied? No, hardly; she found Ginevra did not display sufficient delight at the news. All of a sudden with an unaccountable touch of irritability, she was moved to say:

"I wish, child, you were not so utterly absorbed in that painting of yours; you think of nothing else, and one can't even get you to talk; you are always poring over your sketching, and it is not good for you. I think you have had enough lessons now and we might stop them for this last fortnight we are here."

"Oh, please, mamma darling, don't say that," cried Ginevra quite excitedly. "I do love them, and I feel I am getting on. Mr. Delpiano says so, and it is all thanks to him if I can paint at all."

Lady Emily was now decidedly displeased.

"Don't talk in that exaggerated way, child; how can you love a painting lesson? Besides, when Harry is here you won't have time for them; we can then make all sorts of excursions, which one can't do comfortably without a gentleman in the party."

"I am glad Harry is coming, but if he is going to stop my lessons then I'd rather he stayed away," said Ginevra with the petulance of a spoiled child.

"That is nonsense," returned Lady Emily sharply. "If I say you have had enough lessons there is an end of it. Ginevra, I don't understand your being so unkind about Harry."

Ginevra looked ashamed and repentant.

"I didn't mean to be unkind," she said; "but you will let me go on with my painting lessons, there is a darling mother?"

She got up, and going behind Lady Emily's chair, put her soft young arms round her neck and gave her a kiss. "Little coaxer," replied her mother evasively, but Ginevra was happy for she thought she had gained her point.

* * * * * *

It is a week since Lord Cringeltie arrived at San Rocco; can it be really only eight days of this intolerable wearing misery which is causing Sebastian's cup of bitterness to overflow? From the moment he heard through Mr. Delaine of the young man's arrival at the Hotel d'Angleterre a presentiment had taken hold of him; he seemed to see it all clearly; this was the man Ginevra was to marry! Were they not suited for each other? Both young, good-looking, rich in all this world's goods, why should they not love each other? The painting lessons had been stopped; Lady Emily had been firm in this, and Ginevra's pouts and pretests had been all in vain. So the short hours of a fitful happiness were over for Sebastian; another week and the Jones' would be gone, and these last months would seem but a dream; the pain of the awakening alone would remain. Well, was he not accustomed to suffer? Some day it would be all over, and then when once he was at rest beyond the reach of earthly misery, what would it matter what had gone before? He was a fool to care now.

The first time he had met Harry and Ginevra together walking in the olives, laughing and talking away, he had felt a pang as if he had been mortally wounded. The sense of physical pain was such as made him stop short and give a gasp for breath. He was coming from the sea shore on his way home, his easel in one hand and his finished sketch under his arm. When she saw him, Ginevra said a few words in an undertone to her companion and then hurried forward with one of her brightest smiles.

"Mr. Delpiano, this is my friend, Lord Cringeltie; he knows all about you from me. Do please let us see what you have been painting."

Sebastian bowed stiffly, and the young Englishman lifted his cap. Without a word he turned the face of the picture he was carrying towards them. A cry of admiration escaped the girl's lips

"Oh, how too beautiful, isn't it, Harry? Just look at those great waves; they make one feel almost frightened, they are so real and terrible; and that piece of drift-wood floating on the top of the water, isn't it a bit of some poor ship which has once gone to pieces on those cruel-looking rocks? I always think to be drowned would be the most dreadful death, to feel yourself powerless, taken hold of by the great surging water which is going to drag you down, down. To me the sea in a storm always seems a live thing, some terrible monster hungering after human lives and never satisfied."

Delpiano's eyes flashed. Yes, that was just his thought also; they had those ideas in common, though she was so immeasurably distant from him.

Lord Cringeltie laughed.

"Dear Gina, what an imagination you have; water to me can look only water, however rough it may be. It is deuced unpleasant, though, to have to swim for your life in it as I did the other day off Columbo, when my boat capsized."

Sebastian heeded him not, a sudden idea had seized him.

"Miss Ginevra," he said, "would you like to come down this evening to the rocks? We have full moon now, and the sea looks splendid in the moonlight; the waves are still big from yesterday's storm. If you care about it, I will ask Mrs. Vere to come, and if you will let me I will show you the best place for seeing the waves break."

"Oh! that will be delightful," cried Ginevra; "won't it, Harry? Think! a storm by moonlight. Oh, I do hope mamma will let me go."

"I'm awfully sorry, Gina," replied the young man, "but I promised Tomlinson I would dine with him and one or two other fellows at Monte Carlo to-night. I might send him a wire, though," added he meditatively: "'prevented coming through urgent business.'"

"Oh, no! you mustn't do that," cried Ginevra gaily, "for when Mr. Tomlinson discovers what the urgent business was—sitting with me on a rock by moonlight—he would never forgive either of us. You must go and dine with him as you promised, there's a good boy, and we can go another night again to the rocks."

Sebastian was conscious of an insane joy which made his pulses throb and his heart swell with an immense gratitude to Ginevra. If she cared for this titled coxcomb she would have approved his putting off his dinner party for her sake, and not bid him go. In his blind jealousy Sebastian was naturally unjust towards the object of it, for coxcomb certainly did not apply to simple-minded, jovial Lord Cringeltie.

"Well, Gina," said the young man, "don't you think it is time for us to move on? If we are going up to that old tower you want to show me, and which is certainly a mile off still, we'd better be going."

"All right, Harry," replied the girl, and turning again to Sebastian she said: "Well, then, Mr. Delpiano, I leave it to you to arrange with mamma and Mrs. Vere about to-night. Good-bye."

English fashion she gave him her hand, which Sebastian could never take in his without a little thrill of pleasure, and yet he hardly dared to give the least pressure to the soft fingers.

While Ginevra and Harry were still scrambling up the steep scrub clothed hill on whose summit the old Saracen tower stood, Sebastian, whose eagerness had carried him with winged feet to the Hotel d'Angleterre, was sitting in Mrs. Vere's salon, begging the old lady to persuade Lady Emily to sanction the moonlight expedition. The ill-suppressed excitement in his manner, the importance he seemed to attach to such a trivial matter, made Mrs. Vere wonder a little, and after he was gone (with the promise of getting an answer sent up to his villa in the course of the afternoon) puzzle over his behavior, so different from his ordinary reserve.

"Well, it is no affair of mine," sighed the old lady, in conclusion, to her ruminating whether it was possible Delpiano could have fallen in love with his pupil. She herself had made a love match against the wishes of her relations, and never regretted it. The man she had chosen had been poor and not equal to her in position; and naturally disposed to be romantic and unpractical, she could not be expected to share the feelings of a Lady Emily Jones. She felt no indignation at the painter's presumption, as that lady would have called it, nor would she have given that hard name to the sentiment she suspected, and for which the poor fellow was not responsible. Accordingly, moved by a very gentle feeling of pity, she set off to Lady Emily's apartments as bearer of Sebastian's request. Lady Emily had one of her colds not quite bad enough to necessitate her going to bed, but sufficient to keep her at the fireside wrapped up in shawls and rugs and grumbling at the draught which blew in through the crevices of the ill-fitting hotel windows. Outside the mistral was blowing freshly; it had swept away all the storm clouds of yesterday from off the face of the now brilliant blue sky. Lady Emily was glad to see her visitor, she had been feeling a little moped all by herself. The last assortment of books Mudie had sent out had not proved interesting to her ladyship's taste.

"Stupid people those booksellers are, and in a place like San Rocco, where there is nothing to do, one is so dependent on one's books to pass the time." She was glad of a little chat with Mrs. Vere, and of course the conversation of the two ladies began with the weather and the mistral—a direct personal grievance Lady Emily felt it to be. "How can one get rid of one's bronchitis dear Mrs. Vere, with that horrid wind blowing all round one? Don't you feel the draught? it makes me shiver. Really, I don't think I can stay another week at this hotel. I believe San Rocco is the windiest place along the coast, and this house the worst built in the place; if this wind does not stop we must really go away. I think the day after to-morrow we have been here now three months, and I feel I want a change. If I do not go away at once I know I shall be laid up."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ACTOR'S STRATAGEM.—An eminent tragedian, now deceased, was once locked up in a room at the rear of the theatre to keep him in proper condition till he was called to go on the stage. One door of the apartment opened on the street, and while looking through the key-hole he saw a man passing, and calling him up to the door, he pushed a crown through a crack and instructed him to go to the public-house at the opposite corner and procure a pint of gin and a clay pipe, promising to reward him for his trouble. The man did as directed, and when he returned with the articles the actor told him to put the stem of the pipe through the keyhole and pour the gin carefully into the bowl. These instructions the accommodating individual also followed, and the result was, that when the manager called to notify the prisoner that it was time to dress for his part; he found him in a very happy frame of mind, but not at all in a condition calculated to add to his fame as an actor.

Scientific and Useful.

BICYCLES.—The newest puncture-proof band for use on cycles is made of strips of whalebone inserted between the air tube and the outer cover.

BY TELEGRAPH.—N. S. Amstultz, of Cleveland, Ohio, has invented an apparatus by means of which a picture can be transmitted over an ordinary telegraph wire.

CINDER.—Use has been found for the top cinder made in iron forges, which has hitherto been wasted. It is needed in the manufacture of basic steel, and high prices are paid for it.

AUTOMATIC AIR BRAKE.—An English inventor by the name of Roberts has invented an automatic air brake in which the weight of the train supplies the power to set the brakes.

THE NURSERY TRICYCLE.—The nursery tricycle has appeared in London. It contains two seats, one for the mistress and one for the maid and her charge, and has two pairs of pedals.

MATCHES.—It is stated that, in consequence of the growing difficulty of procuring wood suitable for the manufacture of matches, German factories are now making them of compressed peat, which is said to be an excellent substitute.

HOLES.—The smallest holes pierced by modern machinery are one-thousandth of an inch in diameter. This drilling apparatus, which was the invention of one John Wenstroum, is designed to make 22,000 revolutions per minute, and is used in boring sapphires, rubies, diamonds and other gems.

RAMIE FIBRE.—A process has been invented at Singapore of extracting ramie fibre by simple chemical means and heat. The inventor of the process took a quantity of ramie plants, stripped off the bark and then immersed them in his mixture. After boiling therein for about 40 minutes a mass of fibre was produced seemingly free from gum or other deleterious ingredients, and when it had been washed in cold water, dried for a few minutes in the sun, and pulled out with the fingers, the fibre, it is stated appeared in proper shape for spinning.

Farm and Garden.

SHEEP.—To turn sheep on a pasture when the weather is very warm, where there is no shade, is to subject them to risk of disease and overheating.

WATER.—Water costs nothing, yet there is more water sold off the farm than anything else. By inducing larger growth, with the use of fertilizers, the plants contain more water and draw less upon the soil proportionately.

PASTURE.—A hog pasture without shade is almost as bad as a barn without a roof. It is not in the interest of the farmer to compel the hogs to endure the heat of the sun. They prefer the shade at times and thrive better when they can get it.

WOOD ASHES.—The best use to which wood ashes can be put is on the grass land. Land that is intended for scarlet clover this fall will be greatly benefited by wood ashes. Coal ashes possess but very little value, but every ounce of wood ashes should be saved.

WEEDS.—One cause of weeds flourishing on some soils is that they thrive on plant foods left over by the grain crop, a condition which renders the soil impoverished for other grain crops. This may be prevented by growing root crops after corn, to be followed by clover or some grass crop.

CROPS.—Crops differ in their preferences for plant food, just as may be noticed with animals. A crop of corn does not take from the soil the same substances as does a crop of clover, because it does not feed upon the same kind of food. When these facts are better understood there will be greater yield from the soil and at less expense.

UNPROFITABLE.—A piece of land that is apparently unprofitable may need but a small proportion of some special fertilizer to enable it to produce abundantly. It may contain potash and phosphoric acid and yet fail to give good results, because nitrogen is lacking. It is only necessary to resort to the special plant food that is required to make land yield as it should.

CROUP IS QUICKLY RELIEVED, and Whooping Cough greatly helped, and its duration shortened by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, the old family stand-by for Coughs and Colds, and all Lung or Throat affections.

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On What is Old.

The habit of loving what is old is so ingrained that it flourishes vigorously even in the minds of those who hate certain old institutions for binding them, as they think, to a hampering past. The same man will detest and attack some phase of an aged thing that seems to him cramping and harmful, and will be full of reverence for some other phase of it that shows long-made traces of time without being pernicious.

Or, in other words, if a stately relic of the past is not regarded with interest, sadness, pride and tenderness, the lack of these feelings will be due to other reasons than age. Given old things and new, of a kind that are not readily perishable, but that will live on with us, retaining their present memories and gathering fresh associations, and nineteen people out of every twenty will choose the old. The twentieth, who is pleased with newness, will very likely be unaware of the thoughts that make the old seem desirable.

Why is it that we have a leaning to whatever has stood the brunt of time? We are uncomfortable in the presence of newness, and disguise it if possible, while the old is paraded with pride and affection. The reason for this state of feeling is not very obvious, but the fact is clear enough.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has a short way of accounting for the facility with which men turn to the past. He says that "reminiscent imagination" is the easiest form under which fancy can play. To apply imagination to the future requires keen thought and constructive ability beyond the average of poets and up to the standard of men of science; whereas "reminiscent imagination" is within the reach of any of us. It deals with known material—facts—and works it up again into fresh forms.

Well, it may be that the painting of the future with guess-work colors is harder work than the reconstruction of the past, but it seems to us that a care for the past is educative and ennobling; and it is the feeling of this in a dim way which makes us love what is old. It carries us away from ourselves, and introduces us to a wider thought.

With the conception of antiquity comes a sense of solemnity, mystery, tenderness and of large relationships. We realize better the greatness of the scheme of things, our insignificance in ourselves, yet the romance of belonging to so vast a procession of events. We gain, as it would be impossible to gain from the present, a conception of Time. Time past reigning over an empire of death! What scope there is for the imagination! There lie all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them—except the few who happen to be contemporary with us. All we came from, all we have been lies there behind us in the past, with things that are old or growing old. What we shall be—who knows? It is the past that gives sorrow, majesty, mystery to life. Without it there would be no romance, and our life would be as shallow as that of the bird on the bough, that is merely a vehicle for the impulses and influences of the moment. No wonder we love the past and all the things that have been rescued out of it for our admiration and that still remain fair.

This introduction to Time by aged things gives us a touch of spiritual exaltation. "The illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called Time, rolling, rushing on; swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean-tide, on which we and all the universe swim like exhalations, like apparitions which are, and then are not—this is forever very literally a miracle, a thing to strike us dumb—for we have no word to speak about it."

When we think of the past, we all have in our hearts some echoes of the thought which Carlyle expressed in the characteristic sentence we have quoted. As we grow older, the tendency is to live more and more in the past where our days seem lengthening, while they are shortening on earth. What is disagreeable there is softened and made bearable, if it is not forgotten. Like the gentle "Elia," we can "encounter pell-mell with past disappointments;" we are "armor-proof against old discouragements." It is a very pleasant weakness, and, if the sentiment that makes us think well of the past and strive to read its lessons favorably should ever be scouted, the world would be quit at once of half its poetry.

But we do not anticipate that there will be any revolt against what is old in favor of go-ahead newness, for more and more men are coming to see that the present is by no means so far ahead of antiquity as we had been led to suppose. It is true that, compared with the good of times that lie immediately behind us, we are richer, and we are, on the whole, happier with better forms of happiness.

In some respects, too—such as the general diffusion of the good things of this life—much as there is unattained that may be desired, the populations of the more advanced countries have risen to a cheering contrast with the toiling multitudes of earlier ages. We have our specific gains, and they are great and in the best of all directions, for they affect the lives of the majority; but in the realm of abstract knowledge it is strange how short a distance the bounds of knowledge have been advanced.

More than six thousand years ago a great deal of the theoretical knowledge of which we are now proud had been already acquired by man, and our modern thoughts had been thought about our modern problems. The mystery of antiquity extends farther and is more profound than most of us are aware, but we take leave to vary our present-day message with a word of appreciation for what is old.

IT is the fashion of restless and ambitious women to despise home-life as too tame, too narrow, too uneventful for them. They long for a wider arena, set well in view of the world, whereon to display their gifts or their acquirements; and they think this claustral home, this unexciting family of which they form a part, unworthy of their efforts. And yet in reality the art of living well at home, and of making the family life a success, is just as great in its way, if not so important in its apparent—but only apparent—results, as the finest shades of diplomacy and the largest transactions of business. All sorts of talents, both moral and intellectual, are wanted for the task; and it seems slightly irrational to despise as futile qualities which so few of us are strong enough to possess, or to rate them as beneath the regard of high-minded people, when not one in a hundred has wit enough to employ them to a satisfactory issue.

THERE is a tendency of men in life, through the inquisitiveness of some, and through the morbid curiosity or the combativeness of others, to make a bad use of the truth. In the battles of life, in its rivalries, in its conflicts, men do not think it safe to let other people know many things that they know—and it may not be safe. It does not follow, because you are to be truthful, that you must tell everything that you know. There are thousands of things that you have a right to keep to yourself—there are thousands of things that it is every man's duty to conceal; but, so far as there is overtness in the matter of speaking, it should be according to the law of truth. It sometimes may be unpleasant, and may produce disturbance, but, in the long run, it is the safest. It makes a nobler character, wins more confidence, and prepares the future for better achievements than a resort to indirections or equivocations.

WE should hold ourselves ready to be something or nothing to society, as may seem possible, but, at all events, to be something and much to ourselves. For him who thus preserves his independence society reserves her choicest treasures. She gives him what in solitude he could never obtain—the power of expressing his true self clearly. Alone he may gain knowledge and self-discipline; but it is only in society that he learns the art of self-expression.

IT is peace and comfort and security to dwell beneath the same roof with firmness, and it is exasperation and disturbance and living on the edge of a volcano to abide under the sway of obstinacy. Never to change one's mind, never to yield to persuasion, never to alter a decision, good reasons for doing so being given, is the foible of weakness—a foible in which weakness takes singular pride.

IT is quite as unjust to deprive a man of a responsibility which belongs to him, and which he can rightly fulfil, as it is to defraud him of any other of his rights. Those who do this under the pretext of relieving him from burdens too great to bear do him an untold wrong. It is a selfish appropriation of power and authority, to the exclusion of justice and good feeling.

THERE are a great many persons who act as if they thought petty troubles were a luxury; and they seem never to be satisfied without them. They nurse their annoyances, and dandle them, as it were, on their knee, seeming determined to bring out of them all that they have in them.

SHOULD misfortune overtake, retrench, work harder, but never fly; confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance. Should you then fail, you will be honored; but shrink, and you will be despised.

IT is always a sad thing to lose an ideal. However far we may be from attaining it, the test of our character lies in the loyalty with which we cherish it and the degree to which we strive to approach it.

ANY one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of such acts shows it to be a part of the temperament.

IN life it is difficult to say who do you the more mischief—enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best.

USE what talent you possess. The woods would be very silent if no birds sang there but those which sing best.

WITHIN every man's thought is a higher thought—within the character he exhibits to-day a higher character.

WE pause sometimes in a path to scan our own footprints, but it is too late to remodel or to retrace them.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

D. R.—A trance state is something resembling catalepsy, which is a sudden suspension of the action of the senses and of volition, the body and limbs preserving the position given them, while the action of the heart and lungs continues.

MILSETT, MICH.—Washing the skin with a mixture of orris root and oat meal in a small bag will soften and whiten red hands. Washing with lemon juice, and allowing the juice to dry will effect the same result. First wash the hands with soap and water and dry well.

W. F. R.—It is not in good taste to wear rings outside the gloves—to do so suggests that the wearer is a little fond of display, or else wears either too large rings or too small gloves; but it would be rash to pronounce a lady wanting in refinement simply on the ground that she makes a mistake in a single matter of taste.

DERATE.—Wood, like wool, requires to be shrunk before being used for manufacturing purposes. Pitch pine beams will shrink in thickness from 1⅛ inches to 1⅛; spruce, from 8⅛ inches to 8⅝; white pine from 12 to 11⅝; yellow pine, a trifle less. Cedar beams will shrink from a width of 14 inches to 13⅛; elm, from 11 to 10⅛; and oak, from 12 to 11⅝.

FARMER.—Roots draw enormous quantities of moisture from the soil, and by this means it is discharged into the atmosphere. For example, the common sunflower was found to exhale twelve ounces of water in twelve hours, and an oak tree, with an estimated number of 7,000,000 leaves, would in the same way give off something like 700 tons of water during the five months it carries its foliage.

M. A.—Theoretically, a ball fired backwards, with an initial velocity of one mile per minute, from a train of cars going at the rate of sixty miles per hour, should merely fall to the ground, and at the end of one minute after the shot was fired there would be one mile between the train and the ball. Of course in practice the resistance of the air, the fact that powder takes an appreciable time to explode, and other circumstances, might modify this result.

L. B. N.—Drawings may be made on stone by several methods, such as etching, by means of crayons composed mainly of tallow, wax, hard soap, and shellac, and colored by the addition of lampblack, or by transferring the design to the stone through the medium of transfer-paper and transfer-ink. To give a full description of those various processes would occupy too much of our valuable space. You can, however, get all the desired information by referring to any encyclopedia.

L. D. S.—The roar of thunder is often repeated and prolonged by echoes, especially in mountainous countries; but under ordinary circumstances the prolongation is due to the fact that the discharge of electricity passes through a considerable space, and that the thunder produced in the more distant parts of the course takes longer to reach the ear than that produced nearer by. Thunder, which is merely the sound waves caused by the passage of the lightning, travels at the rate of about 332 metres, or about 1,089 feet per second.

CÆSAR.—Bullet-proof uniforms were known long ago, it seems, by the Chinese, and were made of leather and wool in the north, and paper and cotton cloth in the south, of China. Ridiculous as it may appear to call such combinations armor, they make an armour superior, it is asserted, in many instances to steel. Thirty thicknesses of alternate calico and paper will resist a pistol or rifle bullet at a distance of 100 yards. The elegance of the uniform is probably not equal to its utility, but that is a minor consideration that might easily be remedied.

HARRY.—The following is said to be the "language of the hair" as indicating dispositions, characteristics, etc. Straight, lank, stringy-looking hair indicates weakness and cowardice; curly hair denotes a quick temper; frizzy hair, set on one's head as if each individual hair was ready to fight its neighbor, denotes coarseness; black hair denotes persistent resolution in accomplishing an object, also a strong predisposition to avenge wrongs and insults—real or fancied; brown hair denotes fondness for life, a friendly disposition, ambition, earnestness of purpose, capacity for business, reliability in friendship, in proportion as the hair is fine; very fine hair indicates an even disposition, a readiness to forgive, with a desire to add to the happiness of others.

DITCH.—There is no tree that is so sure to grow without any care as the willow. A twig from a branch of the tree stuck into the moist earth, and the labor is completed. An article in a German contemporary, which is a great authority, recommends the cultivation of willow trees, not only from an economical and industrial point of view, but also for hygienic purposes. They are especially useful where the drinking water is taken from fountains or natural wells, and still more where there are morasses and meadows; for in the vicinity of willow trees water is always clear and pure. Let those who doubt this fact place a piece of willow which has not yet begun to strike, into a bottle of water, and place this with another bottle containing water only in a warm room for eight days; in the first bottle will be found shoots and rootlets in clear water, while the other bottle will contain putrefying water. Holland is covered with willows, and their dam works are made stronger by the net-work formed by the roots.

LIFE.

BY H. J. B.

O Life, to lay thee down
How many sigh in every heartless town!
But I, who breathe this song,
Would fain my days prolong,
And call for ever this gay world mine own.

O Life, the rose so fair
Hath still at heart the canker-worm of care!
And e'en the mighty oak,
That braves the tempest's stroke,
Some puny insect plunders till 'tis bare.

O Life, since Time began,
Hast proved a friend or foe to fallen man?
Death's deluge sweeps away
The golden hairs and gray—
Hast thou no ark of safety in thy plan?

Proud Little Polly.

BY T. B. C.

I AM Polly—proud little Polly—and I am the heroine of my own story. But I am not by any means the maddening creature who usually inhabits a three-volume novel—who has a snub nose, tawny hair, and a world of soul looking out of her big brown eyes—eyes so big that, when any mortal woman is afflicted with the like, she is hardly ever able to procure concave glasses strong enough to enable her to see moderately well—eyes that, in novels, when united to genius, invariably have the effect of a basilisk upon the hero. Neither are my eyes like the eyes of Mr. Swinburne's wonderful heroine, which were

> The greenest of things blue,
> The bluest of things gray.

No, my eyes are hazel, my hair is auburn, my nose eminently respectable, and in stature I am decidedly below the middle height. Figuratively speaking, I am seated in the bosom of my family, the said family consisting of my father, my brother, and myself.

The sole remaining author of my being is fast asleep, with a white handkerchief thrown over his head, which drapery, falling around his thin worn face and meeting the ends of his white whiskers, causes him to look as like an old woman with a white frilled nightcap as it is in the power of mortal man to look. Tom, who is seventeen, and two years my junior, has been home from school for the last year, and is now studying for some examination. He is lying luxuriously on the hearth-rug, a sofa-pillow under his head and a paper of examination questions in his head. Suddenly looking up with a puzzled expression upon his dear, ugly, stupid face, he says—

"I say, Polly—where is Manila?"

"Don't know," I say, shortly, not liking to be disturbed in the perusal of a pleasant book; "I always thought manilas were cigars."

"Of course they are, but they come from Manila," he remarks, sagely, and with that tone of wisdom which boys invariably use towards their sisters; "however, where is the place itself?"

"Ask your tutor, and don't worry me," I reply. "By the way, Tom, I wish you'd manage—delicately of course—to present that young man with a comforter; he looked miserable to-day."

"Ah, poor Dynevor! What a lot of money he earns by coaching fellows, and yet he never seems to have a penny."

"Perhaps he has a wife and family," I suggest, laying down my book. I know he has not.

Tom bursts out laughing.

"What! Mr. Dynevor? Why, I believe he lives in one room, and that is over the dairy just as you enter the town. But, Polly, do you know what the fellows say?"

"No—how should I?"

"Well, they say Dynevor wants to marry some girl he's awfully fond of, and is saving up for that."

Suddenly the fire becomes so unbearably warm that I have to get a screen to keep my face from burning.

"How romantic!" I exclaim, yet at the same time feel somehow that I should like to change the conversation.

At this moment a knock is heard at the hall-door. Papa hastily pulls the pocket-handkerchief from off his head and says—

"Dear me! dear me! It's not possible I've been asleep?"

"Quite possible, papa dear—pray take another nap. I dare say it is Miss Jones the dressmaker."

"Oh for the advent of Miss Jones!" exclaims Tom, fervently. "If it be anybody else, I shall have to rise from my present comfortable but undignified position—and," he continues, pulling the terrier's ears, "your master objects to be disturbed, Whisky."

As he speaks the door is opened, and the servant appears, saying—

"If you please, Mr. Tom, Mr. Dynevor wishes to speak to you in the study."

"All right!" exclaims Tom, rising with alacrity. He is very fond of his tutor, and asks, "Governor, I suppose I may ask Mr. Dynevor to tea?"

"Certainly—to be sure, to be sure, my boy; I like Mr. Dynevor."

Two years before, Mr. Dynevor had come to Idlechester as mathematical teacher to a large collegiate school, all his spare time being fully occupied with tuition. He was a gentlemanly young man, particularly reticent respecting himself. Good looking, young, talented and kind-hearted, he was idolised by his pupils. I learnt all this from Tom, who was never tired of praising his tutor. Occasionally he spent an evening with us, but I sometimes used to fancy he did not care to come, for he always left very early and seemed odd and embarrassed in his manner as the hour for departure drew near. Whilst Tom is out of the way, and I am engaged in smoothing my "dishevelled hair"—being a heroine, I feel constrained to use that epithet—I may say that papa, Lieutenant Wyvern, is a poor half-pay officer in very delicate health. We sometimes find it hard enough to make both ends meet; few suspect it, though, and many friends say that they would rather spend an evening in our bright, homely little drawing room than in many a more pretentious looking one. On this bleak March evening it looks especially cozy and pleasant, and I confess that I feel glad it does, as Mr. Dynevor is here. There are sounds of footsteps in the hall, the drawing-room door is opened, and Tom and his tutor enter.

"Good evening, Mr. Dynevor," says papa, cheerily but feebly; "sit down near the fire."

"Good evening, sir. Good evening, Miss Wyvern;" he bows to me, and then sits down beside papa.

"I say, Polly," says Tom, sotto voce, and with a lugubrious aspect, as I am cutting the cake for tea, "Dynevor's going away."

I make no reply, but look across the table to where the tutor sits. Our eyes meet; he must know instinctively that I have heard the news, for he says—

"Yes, I am going away in a fortnight, Miss Wyvern. Tom must look out for another tutor."

"May I ask," inquires papa, hesitatingly, "why you are going to leave us, Mr. Dynevor?"

"Oh, there is no secret about the matter," he replies, in a perfectly unembarrassed tone; "I am offered a much higher salary elsewhere—and money is a very great object with me just now."

I think of what Tom has told me, and, with my sex's usual absence of logic, I at once come to the conclusion that the rumor must be true. But of course it is nothing to me; oh, dear no, nothing to me! Why should it be otherwise?

At nine Mr. Dynevor rises to go, and Tom says to me—

"Come down to the gate, Polly; it's a lovely night."

"Do—will you?" asks Mr. Dynevor, holding out his hand involuntarily to me for the first time in his life.

I do not pretend to see it, but turn to the sofa and take therefrom a woollen anti-macassar, which I throw shawl-fashion over my shoulders.

As we walk down the moonlight flooded path the conversation is confined to generalities; suddenly Tom exclaims—

"Oh, Mr. Dynevor, I have forgotten that Todhunter's Euclid of yours; I'll fetch it in a minute," and off he runs, leaving me standing with Eustace Dynevor under the budding chestnuts.

There is an awkward little pause, and at length I remark originally—being a woman, I am the first to recover the use of my tongue—

"What a beautiful night!"

"Very," is the laconic and equally original response.

"Tom will miss you very much, Mr. Dynevor."

"I have recommended him to try Mr. Barton; he is a good mathematical scholar."

A shiver runs through me; it cannot be from cold, for my cheeks are burning, and my hands are dry and hot. I give a little start, for my companion's hand is on my arm, and to my amazement he is saying—

"I may not see you again, Miss Wyvern; so will you now accept my best wishes for your future happiness?"

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you," I reply, wondering what he means, and at the same time drawing my arm away; "it is very kind of you. I wish you the same."

"Thank you," he says shortly. "I was not sure before whether or not it was true."

"What?" I ask, feeling more than ever bewildered.

"Ha!" he ejaculates, with a queer little laugh. "You are like all young ladies. You think it interesting to plead ignorance and innocence. I had fancied you were different."

My cheeks become hotter and hotter, and I feel my spirit rising. How dare he speak so to me! My pride and the fancied wound to my self-respect overcome even my woman's curiosity to know what on earth he is talking about. Drawing my improvised shawl closer around my small person, I raise my head erect, and reply, haughtily and mendaciously—

"I assure you I plead neither ignorance nor innocence—I am perfectly aware of what I am talking about, Mr. Dynevor."

He is unfastening the gate, and says, with his head bent over the latch—

"I am rather hurried to-night. May I ask you to tell Tom not to mind about the book? Good-bye—good bye, Polly."

He looks at me as he concludes.

He turned, and I saw his face all wet in the sweet moonshine.

Yes, as sure as I am a living woman, t' ere are tears on Eustace Dynevor's face, as, hastily pressing my hand, he leaves me standing at the gate, and walks quickly down the road. His strange words and manner puzzle me not a little as I saunter back to the house, all the while wondering why Tom does not come. I walk back again to the gate, and look down the road, but all is silent. I cannot bear to go in just yet, for my brain is in a whirl. Strange, half-pleasurable, half-painful feelings are curiously striving for the mastery in my breast. Still Tom does not appear. Suddenly, in the distance, I hear a whistle and a shout. My blood runs cold with terror. I have a presentiment that something terrible has happened, and for a moment I cannot stir. The whistle and shout are repeated. I hasten quickly up the path, rush through the open door into the drawing-room, and there, to my horror, I see that the long-impending sword has fallen, and that my poor father's long-threatened attack of paralysis has overtaken him!

Oh, the weary days and nights that follow! None but those who have watched with sensibilities sharpened by agonised love can realize the misery of watching the hourly decay of the faculties of a loved one. Day after day passes, and morning and evening the doctor's words are—

"He may linger on for an indefinite period, but I can give you no hope of his ever ultimately recovering."

"Will he ever properly recover the use of his senses?" I ask one morning in anguish.

"Probably not," replies the doctor, with professional reserve.

I sink into an arm-chair, and cover my face with my hands.

"My darling, darling father!" I cry—and my long pent-up feelings break from my control, and I sob passionately—"what shall I do without you?"

"I should like to have further advice," says Doctor Holden, who is a youngish man, thick-set, and red-whiskered. He is a declared admirer of me: but his impertinently familiar manner are simply unbearable to me.

"Very well," I say, raising my tear-stained face, and seeing the doctor standing opposite to me, with his hands behind his back. "Will you kindly arrange about it yourself? Do anything that will effect some good. Oh, papa—my darling, darling father!" And I burst out sobbing again.

"Come, come, now, Miss Polly," he exclaims, putting his arm around me familiarly, "I wish you would try to keep up your spirits—do, my dear, for my sake."

As he speaks he bends down, and his head is on a level with mine. How I hate him, loathe him for his impertinence! My tears have all ceased, and outraged dignity is my predominant feeling. Starting up, I say, coldly—

"Doctor Holden, I am not aware that I ever by my manner gave you reason to think you could presume as you have now just done. I consider you owe me an apology."

There is a tap at the door; the servant enters and says my father is awake, and I am required. I leave the room without speaking, and an hour later say to Tom—

"Tom, Doctor Holden says he must have further advice about papa."

To my surprise he does not answer, but quietly eats his cold mutton.

"I wish you would see about it after dinner, Tom; perhaps you ought to call on Doctor Holden."

Still no reply.

"Tom, why don't you answer? Will you see about it?"

He lays down his knife and fork, wipes his mouth with his napkin, fidgets a bit, but yet never looks at me or says a word.

"Of course I fancied you were just as anxious about papa as I am," I remark, a little indignantly. "I wish you would take this matter of the doctors off my hands."

Tom rests his elbow on the table, and, covering his eyes with his hand, says, in a half choking voice—

"Polly, we have no money."

My heart sinks. I had never thought of that, and I cry, despairingly—

"Tom, Tom, what shall we do?"

There is a very miserable look on the poor lad's face as he raises his head and looks at me.

"I have only six pounds left, and by right that is not ours."

"What do you mean, Tom?"

"If every one had their own, it ought to be in Dynevor's pocket. Polly," he continues, his eyes sparkling, "I love that fellow—do you know what he did to day?"

"What?"

"He is going away to-morrow, so I went to pay him that five pounds I owed him, and, instead of taking it, he said, 'No, Tom, my boy, I couldn't take it conscientiously. You are all under great expenses; pay me when you are earning for yourself.'"

"And you actually took it?" I exclaim. "You have actually been mean enough to do so?"

"There was no meanness about it," asserts Tom, stoutly; "we want the money desperately. Dynevor is the kindest, truest gentleman I have ever met; had I not thought him so, I could not have accepted the favor. I feel proud that he has trusted me."

I feel alternately hot and cold all over. I do not know whether to be grateful to Mr. Dynevor, and feel glad that it is to him that we are under the compliment, or to resent it as an impertinence. In my heart of hearts I am convinced that it is kindness alone which has actuated him, but my evil spirit of pride rises within me and I say steadily—

"Tom, that money must be paid to Mr. Dynevor."

"Then how are we to pay the doctor for papa?" inquires Tom, calmly.

I had forgotten that. Suddenly a thought strikes me; I am on the point of revealing it to Tom, but it at once flashes through my mind that of course he cannot understand why I do not care to feel indebted to Mr. Dynevor. Indeed I am not quite sure myself, except that I have felt latterly rather conscious when in his presence, or on hearing any one talk about him. As I am thus ruminating Tom continues—

"I declare I'm sorry I told you, Polly. Dynevor wanted me to promise that I would not, but I said I always told you everything."

That decides me; evidently Mr. Dynevor wants me for some reason or other to be under an obligation to him.

"Tom, I want to go to Blandminster this afternoon; will you stay with papa until I come back?"

He opens his eyes widely.

"To Blandminster, Polly! Why, I suppose you'll walk the three miles there and back! Let me go—you'll be too tired."

"No, I wish to go myself; I have particular business to attend to."

"Oh, all right. I'll stay with papa. I did intend going to say good bye to Dynevor, but he said he had an engagement."

After dinner I retire to my own room, and, packing up my gold watch and chain, and a massive gold bracelet—the only valuable piece of jewelry I possess, and which had belonged to my mother—I put on my hat and jacket, and set off for Blandminster. It is a large, old fashioned cathedral town, with that air of sleepiness and respectability about it seemingly inseparable from an ecclesiastical city. The beauteous old Gothic cathedral stands at the entrance to the town, and, as I near it, I see a few people straggling in. Looking up at the clock tower, I notice that it wants but a few minutes to three o'clock. I am passionately fond of cathedral music, and seldom can resist the fascination of staying for service whenever I come to Blandminster. To day I half hesitate. I feel so miserable that I think the music will do me good; yet at the same time conscience tells me that I ought not to stay away from home longer than I can possibly avoid. Half regretfully I make up my mind not to yield to temptation, when two figures

...ange from the cloisters and enter the cathedral. They have not seen me, but I have seen them, and recognize one of them to be Eustace Dynevor; the other, a young girl, is leaning on his arm.

A sharp pang shoots through me, and in that moment the true state of my heart is all revealed to me. I feel jealous, madly jealous of Eustace Dynevor's companion, and, stealthily following them into the cathedral, seat myself behind one of the carved oaken screens, whence I can see them without being seen in return.

The anthem is Elvey, exquisite adaptation of the first eleven verses of the fifty-sixth Psalm. Another time, and the rare, sweet harmony would have thrilled me through and through, have set every nerve a-quivering with intense enjoyment, and I should have left the cathedral better and happier than when I had entered. But to-day I can only see that Eustace Dynevor is watching every look of the girl beside him, with a wondrous tenderness in his manner. I cannot help admitting that she is interesting looking. Rather tall, slight, with an exquisite complexion, and soft, wavy masses of fair silky hair, simply brushed back beneath her small black hat, she forms a pleasing contrast to her dark, intellectual looking companion. They seem so tender, so absorbed in each other—and I am so miserable! I feel a tear stealing down my cheek, and it angers me. Pride comes to the rescue, and I ask why should I care? Why—oh, why? At all events I can bear the sight no longer, and before the conclusion of the service leave the cathedral unobserved.

I succeed in disposing of my watch and chain for eleven pounds; the bracelet I keep thinking a time may come when my wants may be greater. I feel so glad to know that we shall not be under pecuniary obligation to any one—it galls me so. Honest hard work, privation even, I feel I could endure rather than be indebted to mortal man. As I walk down through the town, I am in constant dread of meeting Eustace Dynevor and his companion. Of course it must be the girl for whom he is saving his money up to enable him to marry. There is no sign of them as I pass the cathedral—no sign of life there save a few schoolboys in college caps and lappets playing in the cloisters. The clock chimes the quarter to five, and I hurry on, as I have a walk of an hour and a half before me. I soon find myself upon the silent country road, and, recollecting a short cut across the fields, strike off into a by-path. I walk along for about half a mile, when I see a figure advancing in the distance. That it is a man is all I can discover, as I am rather short-sighted; but, as he comes nearer, I recognize my tormentor of the morning, Doctor Holden. I wish to bow and pass on, but he stops and says—

"This is very late for you to be out by yourself—let me see you home."

"Thank you, I am not afraid, therefore I need not detain you," I reply, coldly.

"Oh, nonsense! I could not think of allowing you to go all that lonely way by yourself," and turning, he walks beside me.

What can I do? By my manner I show him pretty plainly that I consider the polite attention would have been more honored in the breach than in the observance. He does not seem to take any notice, but chats upon indifferent subjects, and presently asks—

"How is your father this evening?"

"He was very weak when I left. I had to go to Blandminster on business, or I should not have left him at all. Tom stayed at home."

"Ah, that's right. You mustn't lose all your good looks by being always cooped up in a sick room. Will you take my arm?"

"Dear me! How dignified you are!" he exclaims, familiarly. "I suppose you are vexed with me still."

I make no reply, but walk on in silence.

"Now just think, little Polly," he continues—"you need not try to conceal from me that you are not well off as regards this world's goods—would it not be nicer to be the mistress of my big house? Eh, little Polly?"

I feel maddened. Yet, because he is attending my darling father, I am afraid to insult him by answering him as his impertinent and ill-bred familiarity deserves. By this time we are come to a gate leading into a small wood about half a-mile from home. Doctor Holden does not open the gate, but, leaning his arm upon it, says—

"Polly, I have to leave you now, for I must go to a patient. But, remember, I'm not going to be put off by those black looks on your little white face. Of course I know it is all acting—a sensible little girl like you would not think of throwing away such a good offer;" and, suddenly stooping down, he consummates his insolence by kissing me on the cheek.

Speechless with indignation and horror, I gaze at him as he turns and retraces his steps along the path we have just come, and, to my unutterable dismay, I see Eustace Dynevor coming towards me. I know he must have witnessed the whole scene, and my heart dies within me—shame, anger, mortification, all welling up in my breast. Doctor Holden nods curtly to him, and then turning a corner is out of sight. Eustace Dynevor soon overtakes me. I think he merely wishes to raise his hat and pass on, but I hold out my hand to him, saying—

"Good evening, Mr. Dynevor; I am glad to have met you." I do not dare to look up, for I know he steadily looking at me, and my flaming cheeks and quivering tell-tale mouth are, no doubt, to him indications of confusion at being caught in the midst of a love scene.

"I consider myself fortunate to have met you, Miss Wyvern, as this is my last evening here."

He speaks so quietly that I feel almost angry with him. But why should he not? I reflect for a moment—did he not look loving and beloved—whilst I—I—well, never mind!

"I wanted to see you," I say, becoming redder and redder, and stopping in the middle of the woodland path!

"Well," he asks, with an air of kindly interest on his face, "what is it? Can I be of any use to you, Miss Wyvern?"

What a strange anomaly a woman is! Just now I feel his kindliness harder to bear than coldness would be.

"Oh dear, no!" I reply—rather discourteously, I am afraid. "But—but there was some misunderstanding between my brother and you about money matters."

I feel I am bungling over the business, and look at him—it is some small satisfaction to see that he looks thoroughly uncomfortable.

"No," he says, quickly—"we have arranged all that. Here you are now nearly at your own gate, so I shall say good-bye."

"No—no! Stop!" I exclaim. "I know all about it. We are very much indebted to you, I am sure; nevertheless you must allow me to pay you—I have the money here;" and I pull my purse out of my pocket, at the same time, in my haste, drawing out the bracelet too, which falls to the ground. He picks it up, and, holding it in his hand, says, quietly—

"The matter is entirely between Tom and me. You have nothing whatever to say to it. What a pretty bracelet! A present, I presume?"

But I am determined not to be put off. I ignore his last remark, and exclaim—

"You must take your money—I insist upon it."

"I tell you," he repeats, "it is quite between Tom and me. You have nothing whatever to say to it."

"That is an evasion!" I cry, vehemently, while I feel I am fast losing control over myself. "I could not bear the idea of being indebted to you, so I have procured the money. You must take it."

A strange expression comes over his face as he looks down at me. For a minute he does not speak; then, handing me the bracelet, he asks—

"Have you the money with you?"

"Yes;" and I open my purse with nervous, trembling fingers. I count five pounds into his broad palm, and then he says—

"I can quite understand your feeling. One only cares to be indebted to those one loves; and no doubt it is a pleasure to you to be indebted to some one else for this rather than to me. Good-bye," and raising his hat, he walks down the road and is out of sight in a few minutes.

I stand there thinking. Great Heavens! the meaning of his words at once flashes upon me—he thinks I have borrowed the money from Doctor Holden! In an agony I turn back to the woodland path, and walk backwards and forwards trying to quiet my distracted nerves. I know instinctively that I have acted indiscreetly discourteously in the way in which I have returned the money, but it is all over now and cannot be helped. I know I ought to return to the house, but somehow or other I cannot. The coming shadows are falling thick and fast, and, as I stand at the head of the garden and look towards my home, there seems to be a darker shadow than any of the others brooding over it. My nerves have been wound up to such a pitch that I seem to feel everything with a painful intensity, so much so that, when I meet Tom half way down the garden walk and give one look into his white scared face, I throw myself into his arms, crying,

"Tom, Tom, what is it? I know something has happened."

He clasps me closer and closer to him, and says, with a great sob in his voice—

"Oh, Polly—little Polly!"

"What is it—what is it?" I almost shriek. "Is papa worse?"

He still holds me in his arms, and says, brokenly—

"Polly—Polly darling, there are only you and I now!"

* * * * * *

It is all over. A fortnight has passed since our darling father was laid in the little churchyard. Tom and I, and our kind friend Mr. Belton, the solicitor, are looking over our business matters. There is not much to settle, for, after everything is paid, we find we have only between three and four hundred pounds in the world. This Tom insists on being settled on me for my own and sole use, and declares his intention of at once looking out for a situation.

"Tom," I say, "I wish you would take the money, and go on with your examination. I know you have set your heart upon going to Woolwich."

"No, Polly, it must be settled upon you. A man can rough it; but it is not right for a woman to have to face the world, if she has any mankind to look after her."

"Bravo, Tom!" exclaims Mr. Belton. "But recollect, my boy, a few hundred pounds will soon melt away."

"I want Polly to come and live with me. I'll work for her, and be glad to do so."

"I know you would, Tom," I say; "but I could not think of being a burden on you. I'll go out as a governess."

"You shall not!" he exclaims, decidedly. "You must come and live with me, Polly, if we can by any means manage it."

I rebel, but to no purpose. If I will not share his home, Tom threatens to emigrate, and never to write to me—says even that he will go to the bad. Finally he overcomes all my scruples, and we agree to stand by each other at all risks.

Heaven is very good to us. It has taken one home from us, but it soon puts us in the way of getting another. A friend has procured Tom a good situation on a railway in London, and thither we remove one bright May-day, leaving not without many bitter tears, the piersant home where we were born and had spent our childhood and early youth.

And thus it comes to pass that Tom and I are domesticated in lodgings out near Holloway. The days feel very long and dreary, and I am sometimes very lonely as I sit over my sewing. We have kept our old piano and one or two other beloved articles of furniture, and I strive to make our little sitting-room as home-like as I possibly can. We are very poor, and I have to exhaust every economical device to eke out our small income. Quietly and uneventfully the days pass. We know no one, and nobody seems to care to know us. Who ever does care to know the poor? Tom goes out early in the morning, and does not return until seven in the evening, consequently I am very much alone. I feel my spirits sinking because of the loneliness and monotony of my life, but I make an effort to be cheerful, and show the poor, tired, good-hearted fellow a bright face when he returns jaded after his day's work.

But Christmas-time comes round, and Tom does not return so early. They are very busy at the railway-station, and sometimes it is between nine and ten o'clock when he comes home. Nasty, drizzly, miserable weather it is, so unpleasant and uninviting that I do not even care to go out for a walk through the muddy streets. It is just four days before Christmas Day, and I am busied with my small festive preparations. A thick fog is coming on, so that I am obliged to light the lamp, although it is only three o'clock in the afternoon; and, as I go to the window to draw down the blind, I see a cab drive up to the door. "No one for me," I think, with a sigh; "no chance of any one coming to see us!" and I feel my lips quiver a little as the desolation of our lot seems to flash the more vividly across my mind at this season when everybody seems so be so happy. Tying on a colored calico apron, I sit down to my task of stoning raisins, when there is a tap at the door, and the untidy lodging-house servant inserts her unkempt head saying—

"A gentleman to see you, miss."

"It is the curate," I think, and then add aloud, "Ask him to come in."

Before I have time to take off my huge apron his visitor enters, and Eustace Dynevor, attired in deep mourning, stands before me. For a minute I am thunderstruck, and cannot say anything. Laying his hat upon a table, he comes over, and, taking my two hands in his, says—

"I am delighted to see you again."

"Thank you," I answer, whilst my hands lies nervelessly in his firm grasp. "How did you learn where we were living?"

He ignores my question, and, still holding my hands in his, inquires—

"Are you glad to see me?"

"I am always glad to see an old friend," I reply, evasively.

He drops my hands suddenly.

"I went to Tom's office to-day and saw him, Miss Wyvern"—he looks wistfully at me as he speaks. "My heart was very sore the last time I saw you; I was sure the report that you were engaged to be married to Doctor Holden was true. Tom has told me the truth to-day."

I had told Tom all about the episode with Doctor Holden which Mr. Dynevor had witnessed.

I cannot say anything, but, as I stand there, not daring to look up at Eustace Dynevor, the thought of what I had witnessed in the old cathedral comes vividly before my mind's eyes. He continues—

"I have come here to-day to ask you to be my wife: I love you very dearly, and have done so for a long time."

But the fair face of the girl I saw with him in the cathedral rises up before me again, and my woman's pride urges me to say—

"Thank you very much for the honor you have done me, Mr. Dynevor, but"—I say the words with an effort—"I may as well tell you the truth. I heard you were going to be married; I saw a lady with you at Blandminster, and—and"—I conclude hastily and ignominiously—"I don't care to share your affections."

He replies quietly.

"I am glad you saw her. She is dead now, Polly," and he again takes my hands. "That was my poor imbecile sister, whom I have been working to support ever since my father died three years ago. Whilst she lived I did not feel free to marry—I could not afford it; but now, Polly, if you can care for me, will you be my wife? There is no one in the wide world to divide my affection with you."

I hang my head for very shame, and say diffidently—

"I am afraid I am not good enough—I have been so proud and passionate toward you."

"Then the very best thing you can do is to let me take you under my charge, and see if I cannot improve you. Will you?" he asks, seating me on the little horse-hair sofa, and sitting down besides me.

I feel the blood rushing all over my face and neck as he puts his arm around me—yet I cannot answer him. He repeats his question two or three times before I can so far conquer my pride as to say—

"I am afraid that, if you take me, I shall be prouder than ever."

* * * * * * *

When Tom comes home to tea he endeavors to get up an appearance of surprise at seeing Eustace Dynevor seated by our fireside: but the attempt is so transparent that neither of us is deluded into the idea that it is anything more than he was quite prepared for. Ah, it is an evening of evenings, ever to be remembered in my life; and, as Eustace says farewell to me that night, his fond, earnest words sink deep into my heart, and I indeed feel "Proud Little Polly"

A Piece of Soap.

BY N. N.

IT was about ten years ago, in the month of December. The day was cloudy and dull and the wind was roaring among the oak trees. I was going to dine with Maitre Le Bitouze, who in those days lived on the Haut Putois farm on the further side of the Nehon moorlands.

The dinner was to be served at 6 o'clock. As I left the forest of Belle-Gerde and took the little cross path that led to Monroe, I heard the church bells in the valley striking four.

As I went along the idea came to me to get shaved. It was quite a natural idea, for my beard was hurting me—the cold wind seems to bite an unshaved skin. My beard was eight days old, and there were to be other people at dinner, so I should be more presentable if shaved.

At the entrance of the village on the right hand side stood a picturesque little inn. The wind was rattling the leaves of the holly trees that stood in front of it. Inside I could hear the sound of loud voices. I went in and, ordering a glass of wine, asked the host if there was a barber in the village.

"Parbleu! oui," cried an old peasant

who was sitting with his feet in the stove and lighting his pipe with a firebrand. "There is old Bridevent, who shaved the whole camp of Nehon during the war. If he is at home—and he ought to be, for as I passed the church just now I saw his dog Ronflot running down the street—he will do the trick for you first rate, and very quickly, too!"

"And this Bridevent," said another peasant, who was stirring his cup of coffee at the end of the table, "evidently means to live and die here. I thought he went away to his vegetables and his cabbages in the country when the camp left Monroe. He comes from the neighborhood of Piron, doesn't he?"

"So he always says, yet he never goes much further from his little shop than a rabbit does from its burrow."

"And how does he live? A little poaching on the sly, and occasionally dressing a beard is not enough to fill the pot. Yet he does nothing else so far as I can see.

"Bridevent is a sly one, Maitre le Hodey, and has put aside a little money. He used to keep a cantine, and has done other things than shave chins."

Satisfied with what I had heard, I asked the proprietor to show me Bridevent's house and left the inn. I found it, as he had described, a low, picturesque cottage, standing alone far back from the road, with its broad, sloping roof giving to it a somewhat lugubrious appearance, not lessened by its lonely situation.

When I was within a few feet of the porch, which was partly concealed by low bushes, the door suddenly opened and a figure appeared.

It was that of a small man, a very small man, squat, dark, thickset, with long arms and tremendously bowed legs. The enormous head, which did not set straight on the massive shoulders, was covered with unkempt black hair. The neck was short and thick, and there was scarcely any forehead to be seen.

Add to this feature that had the appearance of having been crushed, a large mouth with thick lips that drooped at one corner, and two large gleaming black eyes, and you may have some idea of this singular individual.

My first thought on seeing this hideous apparition was to turn and retrace my steps or to go straight on past the house. But a second glance at the person showed me that he was properly dressed, and that it was his deformity chiefly that thus inspired the sensation of repugnance. So, suppressing my surprise, I addressed him in a voice that was almost gay:

Eh bien, my friend, at this time of day, and with this kind of weather, I suppose trade with you is not booming. Do you think you can shave me before it gets too dark?"

"Come in, Monsieur," he said, simply. "I will try to do the best I can."

He went in first, to make room for me to pass, and pointed to a chair beside the fireplace. The interior of the cottage was very modest. Everything was clean and in its place. A high, old-fashioned bedstead stood in one corner, and in another a cupboard with deep shelves and several dozen plates with blue patterns painted on them.

A tall kitchen clock, a mirror, a table, several chairs and a kneading trough composed the rest of the furniture in the room. Two or three dingy-looking pictures hung on the smoke-stained walls.

From the rafters hung smoked hams, dried plants and sausages, long and black. In the corners stood fishing rods and fowling pieces, and two guns rested their long gleaming barrels against the mantel shelf.

"A little bid of fire is not so bad in this weather, hein. Is it, monsieur? I'll see to the stove while your water is boiling; it won't take long."

"And as he stooped to throw a bundle of fagots into the stove I was amazed at the breadth of his shoulders and the enormous size of his hands. Without doubt this strange fellow was possessed of tremendous strength. He rose from his stooping position and went into a neighboring room, shutting the door carefully behind him. When he returned a few moments later I heard a stealthy step going down the passage.

"Warm yourself, monsieur," he said to me again, placing a little stone jar filled with water, preparatory to shaving. Don't fear to burn the wood; wood is not expensive in the country. It only cost the trouble of gathering it."

Then he opened a cabinet and took out a pair of razors which he began to strop conscientiously.

"Famous razors, these, monsieur. This one especially is an English razor which, if properly ground, could cut your neck through without spilling a drop of blood!"

This pleasantry I had often heard before, but from the lips of this strange individual it took on a peculiar character. There was a sound id his voice that made me shudder.

As I sat there poking up the smouldering embers of the fire the conversation of the peasants in the little inn came forcibly back to me. And the more I thought of it the less I felt reassured.

This fellow Bridevent did not belong to this part of the country; no one seemed to know where he came from. Beside his ostensible avocation of barber, which surely did not bring in enough to pay for the wood that burned in the great stove, no one knew of any other means of livelihood that he possessed.

And his manner, too, had roused my suspicions. Why had he gone into the other room and closed the door so cautiously behind him? And those steps I had heard, what were they?

Someone had doubtless been in that room whom he had thought it well to get out of the way. All manner of old tales of persons who had disappeared and left no trace behind, of mysterious assassinations at night in lonely houses, awoke to life in my mind until I began to feel that at any rate it was not prudent to help the murderer to his task offering my throat unprotected to his razors.

From this moment I carefully watched every movement of my man. He walked up and down the room, ever stropping his famous razors and every few minutes stopping to listen.

Every time that he passed the half open door I saw him look nervously out over the fields to the right and left.

Presently his step became more hurried and feverish, and his face betrayed marked impatience. He appeared uneasy, undecided. Was he hesitating?

I began to feel very uncomfortable indeed, and cast frequent glances at the door.

The darkness was coming on rapidly. The room room was only lit up by the flickering light of the burning wood. Long ago the water in the stone jar had begun to boil. It had half boiled away and was nearly empty.

Evidently the man was trying to gain time! Perhaps waiting till the shadows of fast approaching night would aid him in his ghastly scheme.

Suddenly he placed the razors upon the edge of the table, looked into the steaming little stone jar and without a word passed hurriedly into the next room. When he returned a moment later he found me standing up ready to bring the adventure to the point.

"All things considered," I began, looking him straight in the face. "I do not care to get shaved to night. It is getting late and I am expected to dinner. I will look in to morrow morning. Here are 50 centimes for the operation; I pay in advance."

But, without appearing to hear me—I think he was a little deaf—he ran to the door again, and, putting his head out, listened intently for several seconds.

In the distance I could hear the barking of a dog that was coming nearer and nearer. Suddenly a big dog sprang past his legs.

"Down, Ranflot! down!" he cried angrily.

Then a child came in out of breath, with her hair flying like leaves before a storm. She held something in her hand wrapped in paper.

"Give it here, quick," cried Bridevent. "Monsieur has been waiting ever so long; here, give it to me!"

It was a piece of soap!

I sat down again. All was in readiness. Bridevent shaved me, and I must honestly say that even if I was good deal frightened I have never been better shaved in my life.

SOME SO-CALLED AMERICANISMS.

We are accustomed to hear of Americanisms as of something altogether different from the Queen's English, but a little examination of current words and phrases will show that many so-called Americanisms are merely transplanted English provincialisms. Many an expression that seems "so Yankee" was probably carried across in the "Mayflower." We are, indeed, too apt to forget the English origin of the genuine Yankee—or New Englander—the educated American speaks the English language as correctly as the native-born Briton. The average American may have a somewhat pronounced, or distinctive, accent; but is it more un-English than the differing accents of even the best educated people of our own provincial town, or of the genuine Londoner?

America, of course, is a wide term, stretching from the Arctic to the Tropic regions, and local peculiarities are not to be classed comprehensively as Americanisms. What is usually meant by an Americanism is a mode of expression varying from the standard or good English, and prevalent throughout America.

"I guess" is often spoken of as a purely Yankee—i.e., New England—expression, but it was used in the Southern States as well, without any obvious derivation from the North. Now "guess," in the sense of the American use of the word, is used by Chaucer and Shakespeare and many other old English writers. It has more the meaning of suppose or think than of conjecture, but an educated American will use the word "judge" more frequently than "guess." That "guess" was used in the Colonial days of America is known, but when "calculate" or "calc'late" first came to be used as a synonym is not very clear. Mr. Eggleston says that "'calc'late' is exclusively Yankee, and is limited to the substratum of folk-speech. So, on the Ohio River, 'guess' is genteel enough for colloquial use, but 'low' is lower class. . . 'I allow,' or rather 'I 'low,' in its commonest sense, is equivalent to 'I guess,' 'I calculate,' 'I reckon,' and the Englishman's 'I fancy.'"

"Reckon," however, is more distinctively Southern than "guess." Indeed, "The Northern word 'guess'—imported from England where it used to be common, and now regarded by satirical Englishmen as a Yankee original—is but little used among Southerners. They say 'reckon.' They haven't any 'doesn't' in the language; they say 'don't' instead. The unpolished often use 'went' for 'gone.' It is nearly as bad as the Northern 'hadn't ought.'"

Certain peculiarities of spelling, however, are essentially American—such as traveler for traveller; theater and center for theatre and centre; honor and labor for honour and labour; program for programme; catalog for catalogue; and so on. These are distinct Americanisms, which are defended by American philologists as not oddities but proprieties.

"The fall," for the autumn, is an expression which has extended from New England all through America. It is now in common use there, but it is not a native Americanism. It was, indeed, employed by Dryden, and has obvious and not unpoetical association with the fall of the leaf.

"Fetchy" for touchy or irritable has been spoken of as an Americanism, but it may be found in Shakespeare, and can be heard yet in daily use in the West of England.

In some glossaries "pie" is given as an Americanism for "tart," but it is not so.

"Absquatulate" is given in Bartlett's Dictionary of Americanisms as a facetious vulgarism, but it seems to have originated with the "colored gentleman" of the South, and to have come into use in the same kind of playful way as some of us might use "no forrarder." The disposition of the American negro to multiplication and confusion of syllables is well known.

"I do admire at," in the sense of "I wonder," is an American expression; but it has authority in Milton. "I should admire to do so," in the sense of "I should like to," is regarded as an American vulgarism; but one may hear the expression in eastern England, to which it was certainly not brought from America.

"Around," in the sense of being near or on the spot, strikes one, no doubt, as peculiar. "I'll be around on time," "He was standing around," etc., have certainly a distinct Transatlantic flavor. But when Richard A. Procter tell us he once heard an American preacher speaking of Mary as "standing around the cross," he recalls memories of the Irishman who "surrounded" his cottage. Again, "all there," or "all there when the bell rings," are expressions too suggestive of an English race-course to have been wholly American-born expressions. And again, "to talk back," given in some glossaries as an American equivalent for "to answer impudently," is a fault which many a British housewife has frequently to lament in her maid-servants—certainly with no more idea of using Americanese than of speaking Chinese.

"You bet" is more a Western than a Yankee expression, and has emanated naturally enough from a community where gambling was prevalent.

ENGLISHMAN

Any man that puts an article in reach of overworked women to lighten her labor is certainly a benefactor. Dobbins' Soap Mfg. Co., surely come under this head in making Dobbins' Electric Soap so cheap that all can use it. You give it a trial.

At Home and Abroad.

A steam bicycle has made its appearance in Germany.

Mexico produces anything that can be raised in any other country. So varied is the climate that in the same State can be raised any product of the tropics and of the polar regions. Cotton, wheat, rye, silver, silk, cocoanuts, bananas, rice, cocoa, vanilla, logwood, mahogany, hides and wine are the principal products.

The New York police in a recent raid captured seven goats, and sent to a neighboring undertaker's establishment for a wagon in which to convey them to the pound. The undertaker—ex-Alderman Duffy—laboring under a misapprehension, sent a hearse. A few days ago the police received a bill of $55 for ten yards of silk fringe and six tassels, the captives, tempted by the funereal trappings, having eaten the lining out of the body of the vehicle. It was fun for the police till the bill came in. Now they might be termed the head mourners in the affair.

The question as to what constitutes a domestic animal and what is meant by the term wild beast is becoming more and more complicated. For while on the one hand the Supreme Court of Maryland has recently decided that the cat is a wild animal within the meaning of the law, the Supreme Court of Appeal in France has just issued a decree to the effect that a wild bull is a domestic animal. This remarkable decision has been rendered in connection with the question as to the illegality of bull fighting, which has hitherto been quite as much of a national pastime in the south of France as in Spain and Portugal. Inasmuch as the Court has now once and for all determined that bull fighting is contrary to law and therefore criminal, no one need complain of this interpretation of the code, except for the precedent that it affords of transforming wild beasts into domestic pets by legal procedure instead of by ordinary methods of taming.

No credence need be accorded to the stories which from time to time find their way into print describing, in graphic language, the recent escape or release of French soldiers alleged to have been detained in German prisons on one pretext or another since the close of the war, just a quarter of a century ago. Mlle. Coralie Caron, who is decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor for her services in looking after the welfare of the French prisoners of war in Germany, and who took a leading part in perfecting the arrangements for their return home after the conclusion of peace, declares in the most positive manner that not a single French prisoner of war remains in any German prison, and that those who claim to have been detained as such subsequent to the signature of the Treaty of Frankfort are as much impostors as were those "last survivors of the Grand Army, just returned from the steppes of Russia," whose pretensions became a byword in the reign of King Louis Philippe.

A traveling man thus describes a "horse-swapping day" in Tennessee: "One of the men was mounted on a rawboned dapple gray, while the other nag was of a deep yellow, and looked much like a living, moving hatrack. One was leading a mule and the other an old steed that looked like a broken-down car horse. Presently the man on the yellow horse said to the other: 'Well?' The answer was, 'Well?' 'Talk.' 'You talk.' 'Well, what'll you do?' 'Swap.' 'How'll you swap?' 'Horse and horse.' After dickering for some time a trade was effected, and one of them got a dollar to boot. We wandered about over the place and covered about an acre and a half until we grew tired, and then returned to the train. On the way back we overheard two of the strangers talking. One of these said he was three jack-knives and $3.25 in money ahead. We were told that these swapping days are held once a month. The man must at this place and swap anything from a jackknife to a farm, but trading in horses is the favorite fancy with them."

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through the cloisters and enter the cathedral. They have not seen me, but I have seen them, and recognize one of them to be Eustace Dynevor; the other, a young girl, is leaning on his arm.

A sharp pang shoots through me, and in that moment the true state of my heart is all revealed to me. I feel jealous, madly jealous of Eustace Dynevor's companion, and, stealthily following them into the cathedral, seat myself behind one of the carved oaken screens, whence I can see them without being seen in return.

The anthem is Elvey, exquisite adaptation of the first eleven verses of the fifty-sixth Psalm. Another time, and the rare, sweet harmony would have thrilled me through and through, have set every nerve a-quivering with intense enjoyment, and I should have left the cathedral better and happier than when I had entered. But to-day I can only see that Eustace Dynevor is watching every look of the girl beside him, with a wondrous tenderness in his manner. I cannot help admitting that she is interesting looking. Rather tall, slight, with an exquisite complexion, and soft, wavy masses of fair silky hair, simply brushed back beneath her small black hat, she forms a pleasing contrast to her dark, intellectual-looking companion. They seem so tender, so absorbed in each other—and I am so miserable! I feel a tear stealing down my cheek, and it angers me. Pride comes to the rescue, and I ask why should I care? Why—oh, why? At all events I can bear the sight no longer, and before the conclusion of the service leave the cathedral unobserved.

I succeed in disposing of my watch and chain for eleven pounds; the bracelet I keep thinking a time may come when my wants may be greater. I feel so glad to know that we shall not be under pecuniary obligation to any one—it galls me so. Honest hard work, privation even, I feel I could endure rather than be indebted to mortal man. As I walk down through the town, I am in constant dread of meeting Eustace Dynevor and his companion. Of course it must be the girl for whom he is saving his money up to enable him to marry. There is no sign of them as I pass the cathedral—no sign of life there save a few schoolboys in college caps and lappets playing in the cloisters. The clock chimes the quarter to five, and I hurry on, as I have a walk of an hour and a half before me. I soon find myself upon the silent country road, and, recollecting a short cut across the fields, strike off into a by-path. I walk along for about half a mile, when I see a figure advancing in the distance. That it is a man is all I can discover, as I am rather short-sighted; but, as he comes nearer, I recognize my tormentor of the morning, Doctor Holden. I wish to bow and pass on, but he stops and says—

"This is very late for you to be out by yourself—let me see you home."

"Thank you, I am not afraid, therefore I need not detain you," I reply, coldly.

"Oh, nonsense! I could not think of allowing you to go all that lonely way by yourself," and turning, he walks beside me.

What can I do? By my manner I show him pretty plainly that I consider the polite attention would have been more honored in the breach than in the observance. He does not seem to take any notice, but chats upon indifferent subjects, and presently asks—

"How is your father this evening?"

"He was very weak when I left. I had to go to Blandminster on business, or I should not have left him at all. Tom stayed at home."

"Ah, that's right. You mustn't lose all your good looks by being always cooped up in a sick room. Will you take my arm?"

"Dear me! How dignified you are!" he exclaims, familiarly. "I suppose you are vexed with me still."

I make no reply, but walk on in silence.

"Now just think, little Polly," he continues—"you need not try to conceal from me that you are not well off as regards this world's goods—would it not be nicer to be the mistress of my big house? Eh, little Polly?"

I feel maddened. Yet, because he is attending my darling father, I am afraid to insult him by answering him as his impertinent and ill-bred familiarity deserves. By this time we are come to a gate leading into a small wood about half a-mile from home. Doctor Holden does not open the gate, but, leaning his arm upon it, says—

"Polly, I have to leave you now, for I must go to a patient. But, remember, I'm not going to be put off by those black looks on your little white face. Of course I know it is all acting—a sensible little girl like you would not think of throwing away such a good offer;" and, suddenly stooping down, he consummates his insolence by kissing me on the cheek.

Speechless with indignation and horror, I gaze at him as he turns and retraces his steps along the path we have just come, and, to my unutterable dismay, I see Eustace Dynevor coming towards me. I know he must have witnessed the whole scene, and my heart dies within me—shame, anger, mortification, all welling up in my breast. Doctor Holden nods curtly to him, and then turning a corner is out of sight. Eustace Dynevor soon overtakes me. I think he merely wishes to raise his hat and pass on, but I hold out my hand to him, saying—

"Good evening, Mr. Dynevor; I am glad to have met you." I do not dare to look up, for I know he steadily looking at me, and my flaming cheeks and quivering tell-tale mouth are, no doubt, to him indications of confusion at being caught in the midst of a love scene.

"I consider myself fortunate to have met you, Miss Wyvern, as this is my last evening here."

He speaks so quietly that I feel almost angry with him. But why should he not? I reflect for a moment—did he not look loving and beloved—whilst I—I—well, never mind!

"I wanted to see you," I say, becoming redder and redder, and stopping in the middle of the woodland path!

"Well," he asks, with an air of kindly interest on his face, "what is it? Can I be of any use to you, Miss Wyvern?"

What a strange anomaly a woman is! Just now I feel his kindliness harder to bear than coldness would be.

"Oh dear, no!" I reply—rather discourteously, I am afraid. "But—but there was some misunderstanding between my brother and you about money matters."

I feel I am bungling over the business, and look at him—it is some small satisfaction to see that he looks thoroughly uncomfortable.

"No," he says, quickly—"we have arranged all that. Here you are now nearly at your own gate, so I shall say good-bye."

"No—no! Stop!" I exclaim. "I know all about it. We are very much indebted to you, I am sure; nevertheless you must allow me to pay you—I have the money here;" and I pull my purse out of my pocket, at the same time, in my haste, drawing out the bracelet too, which falls to the ground. He picks it up, and, holding it in his hand, says, quietly—

"The matter is entirely between Tom and me. You have nothing whatever to say to it. What a pretty bracelet! A present, I presume?"

But I am determined not to be put off. I ignore his last remark, and exclaim—

"You must take your money—I insist upon it."

"I tell you," he repeats, "it is quite between Tom and me. You have nothing whatever to say to it."

"That is an evasion!" I cry, vehemently, while I feel I am fast losing control over myself. "I could not bear the idea of being indebted to you, so I have procured the money. You must take it."

A strange expression comes over his face as he looks down at me. For a minute he does not speak; then, handing me the bracelet, he asks—

"Have you the money with you?"

"Yes;" and I open my purse with nervous, trembling fingers. I count five pounds into his broad palm, and then he says—

"I can quite understand your feeling. One only cares to be indebted to those one loves; and no doubt it is a pleasure to you to be indebted to some one else for this rather than to me. Good-bye," and raising his hat, he walks down the road and is out of sight in a few minutes.

I stand there thinking. Great Heavens! the meaning of his words at once flashes upon me—he thinks I have borrowed the money from Doctor Holden! In an agony I turn back to the woodland path, and walk backwards and forwards trying to quiet my distracted nerves. I know instinctively that I have acted indiscreetly discourteously in the way in which I have returned the money, but it is all over now and cannot be helped. I know I ought to return to the house, but somehow or other I cannot. The coming shadows are falling thick and fast, and, as I stand at the head of the garden and look towards my home, there seems to be a darker shadow than any of the others brooding over it. My nerves have been wound up to such a pitch that I seem to feel everything with a painful intensity, so much so that, when I meet Tom half way down the garden walk and give one look into his white scared face, I throw myself into his arms, crying.

"Tom, Tom, what is it? I know something has happened."

He clasps me closer and closer to him, and says, with a great sob in his voice—

"Oh, Polly—little Polly!"

"What is it—what is it?" I almost shriek. "Is papa worse?"

He still holds me in his arms, and says, brokenly—

"Polly—Polly darling, there are only you and I now!"

* * * * * *

It is all over. A fortnight has passed since our darling father was laid in the little churchyard. Tom and I, and our kind friend Mr. Belton, the solicitor, are looking over our business matters. There is not much to settle, for, after everything is paid, we find we have only between three and four hundred pounds in the world. This Tom insists on being settled on me for my own and sole use, and declares his intention of at once looking out for a situation.

"Tom," I say, "I wish you would take the money, and go on with your examination. I know you have set your heart upon going to Woolwich."

"No, Polly, it must be settled upon you. A man can rough it; but it is not right for a woman to have to face the world, if she has any mankind to look after her."

"Bravo, Tom!" exclaims Mr. Belton. "But recollect, my boy, a few hundred pounds will soon melt away."

"I want Polly to come and live with me. I'll work for her, and be glad to do so."

"I know you would, Tom," I say; "but I could not think of being a burden on you. I'll go out as a governess."

"You shall not!" he exclaims, decidedly. "You must come and live with me, Polly, if we can by any means manage it."

I rebel, but to no purpose. If I will not share his home, Tom threatens to emigrate, and never to write to me—says even that he will go to the bad. Finally he overcomes all my scruples, and we agree to stand by each other at all risks.

Heaven is very good to us. It has taken one home from us, but it soon puts us in the way of getting another. A friend has procured Tom a good situation on a railway in London, and thither we remove one bright May-day, leaving not without many bitter tears, the pleasant home where we were born and had spent our childhood and early youth.

And thus it comes to pass that Tom and I are domesticated in lodgings out near Holloway. The days feel very long and dreary, and I am sometimes very lonely as I sit over my sewing. We have kept our old piano and one or two other beloved articles of furniture, and I strive to make our little sitting-room as home-like as I possibly can. We are very poor, and I have to exhaust every economical device to eke out our small income. Quietly and uneventfully the days pass. We know no one, and nobody seems to care to know us. Who ever does care to know the poor? Tom goes out early in the morning, and does not return until seven in the evening, consequently I am very much alone. I feel my spirits sinking because of the loneliness and monotony of my life, but I make an effort to be cheerful, and show the poor, tired, good-hearted fellow a bright face when he returns jaded after his day's work.

But Christmas-time comes round, and Tom does not return so early. They are very busy at the railway-station, and sometimes it is between nine and ten o'clock when he comes home. Nasty, drizzly, miserable weather it is, so unpleasant and uninviting that I do not even care to go out for a walk through the muddy streets. It is just four days before Christmas Day, and I am busied with my small festive prepartions. A thick fog is coming on, so that I am obliged to light the lamp, although it is only three o'clock in the afternoon; and, as I go to the window to draw down the blind, I see a cab drive up to the door. "No one for me," I think, with a sigh; "no chance of any one coming to see us!" and I feel my lips quiver a little as the desolation of our lot seems to flash the more vividly across my mind at this season when everybody seems so be so happy. Tying on a colored calico apron, I sit down to my task of stoning raisins, when there is a tap at the door, and the untidy lodging-house servant inserts her unkempt head saying—

"A gentleman to see you, miss"

"It is the curate," I think, and then add aloud, "Ask him to come in."

Before I have time to take off my huge apron his visitor enters, and Eustace Dynevor, attired in deep mourning, stands before me. For a minute I am thunderstruck, and cannot say anything. Laying his hat upon a table, he comes over, and, taking my two hands in his, says—

"I am delighted to see you again."

"Thank you," I answer, whilst my hands lies nervelessly in his firm grasp. "How did you learn where we were living?"

He ignores my question, and, still holding my hands in his, inquires—

"Are you glad to see me?"

"I am always glad to see an old friend," I reply, evasively.

He drops my hands suddenly.

"I went to Tom's office to-day and saw him, Miss Wyvern"—he looks wistfully at me as he speaks. "My heart was very sore the last time I saw you; I was sure the report that you were engaged to be married to Doctor Holden was true. Tom has told me the truth to-day."

I had told Tom all about the episode with Doctor Holden which Mr. Dynevor had witnessed.

I cannot say anything, but, as I stand there, not daring to look up at Eustace Dynevor, the thought of what I had witnessed in the old cathedral comes vividly before my mind's eyes. He continues—

"I have come here to-day to ask you to be my wife: I love you very dearly, and have done so for a long time."

But the fair face of the girl I saw with him in the cathedral rises up before me again, and my woman's pride urges me to say—

"Thank you very much for the honor you have done me, Mr. Dynevor, but"—I say the words with an effort—"I may as well tell you the truth. I heard you were going to be married; I saw a lady with you at Blandminster, and—and"—I conclude hastily and ignominiously—"I don't care to share your affections."

He replies quietly.

"I am glad you saw her. She is dead now, Polly," and he again takes my hands. "That was my poor imbecile sister, whom I have been working to support ever since my father died three years ago. Whilst she lived I did not feel free to marry—I could not afford it; but now, Polly, if you can care for me, will you be my wife? There is no one in the wide world to divide my affection with you."

I hang my head for very shame, and say diffidently—

"I am afraid I am not good enough—I have been so proud and passionate toward you."

"Then the very best thing you can do is to let me take you under my charge, and see if I cannot improve you. Will you?" he asks, seating me on the little horse-hair sofa, and sitting down besides me.

I feel the blood rushing all over my face and neck as he puts his arm around me—yet I cannot answer him. He repeats his question two or three times before I can so far conquer my pride as to say—

"I am afraid that, if you take me, I shall be prouder than ever."

* * * * * *

When Tom comes home to tea he endeavors to get up an appearance of surprise at seeing Eustace Dynevor seated by our fireside; but the attempt is so transparent that neither of us is deluded into the idea that it is anything more than he was quite prepared for. Ah, it is an evening of evenings, ever to be remembered in my life; and, as Eustace says farewell to me that night, his fond, earnest words sink deep into my heart, and I indeed feel "Proud Little Polly"

A Piece of Soap.

BY N. N.

It was about ten years ago, in the month of December. The day was cloudy and dull and the wind was roaring among the oak trees. I was going to dine with Maitre Le Bitouze, who in those days lived on the Haut Putois farm on the further side of the Nehon moorlands.

The dinner was to be served at 6 o'clock. As I left the forest of Belle-Gerde and took the little cross path that led to Monroe, I heard the church bells in the valley striking four.

As I went along the idea came to me to get shaved. It was quite a natural idea, for my beard was hurting me—the cold wind seems to bite an unshaved skin. My beard was eight days old, and there were to be other people at dinner, so I should be more presentable if shaved.

At the entrance of the village on the right hand side stood a picturesque little inn. The wind was rattling the leaves of the holly trees that stood in front of it. Inside I could hear the sound of loud voices. I went in and, ordering a glass of wine, asked the host if there was a barber in the village.

"Parbleu! oui," cried an old peasant

who was sitting with his feet in the stove and lighting his pipe with a firebrand. "There is old Bridevent, who shaved the whole camp of Nehon during the war. If he is at home—and he ought to be, for as I passed the church just now I saw his dog Ronflot running down the street—he will do the trick for you first rate, and very quickly, too!"

"And this Bridevent," said another peasant, who was stirring his cup of coffee at the end of the table, "evidently means to live and die here. I thought he went away to his vegetables and his cabbages in the country when the camp left Monroe. He comes from the neighborhood of Piron, doesn't he?"

"So he always says, yet he never goes much further from his little shop than a rabbit does from its burrow."

"And how does he live? A little poaching on the sly, and occasionally dressing a beard is not enough to fill the pot. Yet he does nothing else so far as I can see.

"Bridevent is a sly one, Maitre le Hodey, and has put aside a little money. He used to keep a cantine, and has done other things than shave chins."

Satisfied with what I had heard, I asked the proprietor to show me Bridevent's house and left the inn. I found it, as he had described, a low, picturesque cottage, standing alone far back from the road, with its broad, sloping roof giving to it a somewhat lugubrious appearance, not lessened by its lonely situation.

When I was within a few feet of the porch, which was partly concealed by low bushes, the door suddenly opened and a figure appeared.

It was that of a small man, a very small man, squat, dark, thickset, with long arms and tremendously bowed legs. The enormous head, which did not set straight on the massive shoulders, was covered with unkempt black hair. The neck was short and thick, and there was scarcely any forehead to be seen.

Add to this feature that had the appearance of having been crushed, a large mouth with thick lips that drooped at one corner, and two large gleaming black eyes, and you may have some idea of this singular individual.

My first thought on seeing this hideous apparition was to turn and retrace my steps or to go straight on past the house. But a second glance at the person showed me that he was properly dressed, and that it was his deformity chiefly that thus inspired the sensation of repugnance. So, suppressing my surprise, I addressed him in a voice that was almost gay:

Eh bien, my friend, at this time of day, and with this kind of weather, I suppose trade with you is not booming. Do you think you can shave me before it gets too dark?"

"Come in, Monsieur," he said, simply. "I will try to do the best I can."

He went in first, to make room for me to pass, and pointed to a chair beside the fireplace. The interior of the cottage was very modest. Everything was clean and in its place. A high, old-fashioned bedstead stood in one corner, and in another a cupboard with deep shelves and several dozen plates with blue patterns painted on them.

A tall kitchen clock, a mirror, a table, several chairs and a kneading trough composed the rest of the furniture in the room. Two or three dingy-looking pictures hung on the smoke-stained walls.

From the rafters hung smoked hams, dried plants and sausages, long and black. In the corners stood fishing rods and fowling pieces, and two guns rested their long gleaming barrels against the mantel shelf.

"A little bid of fire is not so bad in this weather, hein. Is it, monsieur? I'll see to the stove while your water is boiling; it won't take long."

"And as he stooped to throw a bundle of fagots into the stove I was amazed at the breadth of his shoulders and the enormous size of his hands. Without doubt this strange fellow was possessed of tremendous strength. He rose from his stooping position and went into a neighboring room, shutting the door carefully behind him. When he returned a few moments later I heard a stealthy step going down the passage.

"Warm yourself, monsieur," he said to me again, placing a little stone jar filled with water, preparatory to shaving. Don't fear to burn the wood; wood is not expensive in the country. It only cost the trouble of gathering it."

Then he opened a cabinet and took out a pair of razors which he began to strop conscientiously.

"Famous razors, these, monsieur. This one especially is an English razor which, if properly ground, could cut your neck through without spilling a drop of blood!"

This pleasantry I had often heard before, but from the lips of this strange individual it took on a peculiar character. There was a sound id his voice that made me shudder.

As I sat there poking up the smouldering embers of the fire the conversation of the peasants in the little inn came forcibly back to me. And the more I thought of it the less I felt reassured.

This fellow Bridevent did not belong to this part of the country; no one seemed to know where he came from. Beside his ostensible avocation of barber, which surely did not bring in enough to pay for the wood that burned in the great stove, no one knew of any other means of livelihood that he possessed.

And his manner, too, had roused my suspicions. Why had he gone into the other room and closed the door so cautiously behind him? And those steps I had heard, what were they?

Someone had doubtless been in that room whom he had thought it well to get out of the way. All manner of old tales of persons who had disappeared and left no trace behind, of mysterious assassinations at night in lonely houses, awoke to life in my mind until I began to feel that at any rate it was not prudent to help the murderer to his task offering my throat unprotected to his razors.

From this moment I carefully watched every movement of my man. He walked up and down the room, ever stropping his famous razors and every few minutes stopping to listen.

Every time that he passed the half open door I saw him look nervously out over the fields to the right and left.

Presently his step became more hurried and feverish, and his face betrayed marked impatience. He appeared uneasy, undecided. Was he hesitating?

I began to feel very uncomfortable indeed, and cast frequent glances at the door.

The darkness was coming on rapidly. The room room was only lit up by the flickering light of the burning wood. Long ago the water in the stone jar had begun to boil. It had half boiled away and was nearly empty.

Evidently the man was trying to gain time! Perhaps waiting till the shadows of fast approaching night would aid him in his ghastly scheme.

Suddenly he placed the razors upon the edge of the table, looked into the steaming little stone jar and without a word passed hurriedly into the next room. When he returned a moment later he found me standing up ready to bring the adventure to the point.

"All things considered," I began, looking him straight in the face. "I do not care to get shaved to night. It is getting late and I am expected to dinner. I will look in to-morrow morning. Here are 50 centimes for the operation; I pay in advance."

But, without appearing to hear me—I think he was a little deaf—he ran to the door again, and, putting his head out, listened intently for several seconds.

In the distance I could hear the barking of a dog that was coming nearer and nearer. Suddenly a big dog sprang past his legs.

"Down, Ranflot! down!" he cried angrily.

Then a child came in out of breath, with her hair flying like leaves before a storm. She held something in her hand wrapped in paper.

"Give it here, quick," cried Bridevent. "Monsieur has been waiting ever so long; here, give it to me!"

It was a piece of soap!

I sat down again. All was in readiness. Bridevent shaved me, and I must honestly say that even if I was good deal frightened I have never been better shaved in my life.

SOME SO-CALLED AMERICANISMS.

We are accustomed to hear of Americanisms as of something altogether different from the Queen's English, but a little examination of current words and phrases will show that many so-called Americanisms are merely transplanted English provincialisms. Many an expression that seems "so Yankee" was probably carried across in the "Mayflower." We are, indeed, too apt to forget the English origin of the genuine Yankee—or New Englander—the educated American speaks the English language as correctly as the native-born Briton. The average American may have a somewhat pronounced, or distinctive, accent; but is it more un-English than the differing accents of even the best educated people of our own provincial town, or of the genuine Londoner?

America, of course, is a wide term, stretching from the Arctic to the Tropic regions, and local peculiarities are not to be classed comprehensively as Americanisms. What is usually meant by an Americanism is a mode of expression varying from the standard or good English, and prevalent throughout America.

"I guess" is often spoken of as a purely Yankee—i.e., New England—expression, but it was used in the Southern States as well, without any obvious derivation from the North. Now "guess," in the sense of the American use of the word, is used by Chaucer and Shakespeare and many other old English writers. It has more the meaning of suppose or think than of conjecture, but an educated American will use the word "judge" more frequently than "guess." That "guess" was used in the Colonial days of America is known, but when "calculate" or "calc'late" first came to be used as a synonym is not very clear. Mr. Eggleston says that "'calc'late' is exclusively Yankee, and is limited to the substratum of folk-speech. So, on the Ohio River, 'guess' is genteel enough for colloquial use, but 'low' is lower class. . . 'I allow,' or rather ' I 'low,' in its commonest sense, is equivalent to 'I guess,' 'I calculate,' 'I reckon,' and the Englishman's 'I fancy.'"

"Reckon," however, is more distinctively Southern than "guess." Indeed, "The Northern word 'guess'—imported from England where it used to be common, and now regarded by satirical Englishmen as a Yankee original—is but little used among Southerners. They say 'reckon.' They haven't any 'doesn't' in the language; they say 'don't' instead. The unpolished often use 'went' for 'gone.' It is nearly as bad as the Northern 'hadn't ought.'"

Certain peculiarities of spelling, however, are essentially American—such as traveler for traveller; theater and center for theatre and centre; honor and labor for honour and labour; program for programme; catalog for catalogue; and so on. These are distinct Americanisms, which are defended by American philologists as not oddities but proprieties.

"The fall," for the autumn, is an expression which has extended from New England all through America. It is now in common use there, but it is not a native Americanism. It was, indeed, employed by Dryden, and has obvious and not unpoetical association with the fall of the leaf.

"Tetchy" for touchy or irritable has been spoken of as an Americanism, but it may be found in Shakespeare, and can be heard yet in daily use in the West of England.

In some glossaries "pie" is given as an Americanism for "tart," but it is not so.

"Absquatulate" is given in Bartlett's Dictionary of Americanism as a facetious vulgarism, but it seems to have originated with the "colored gentleman" of the South, and to have come into use in the same kind of playful way as some of us might use "no forrarder." The disposition of the American negro to multiplication and confusion of syllables is well known.

"I do admire at," in the sense of "I wonder," is an American expression; but it has authority in Milton. "I should admire to do so," in the sense of "I should like to," is regarded as an American vulgarism; but one may hear the expression in eastern England, to which it was certainly not brought from America.

"Around," in the sense of being near or on the spot, strikes one, no doubt, as peculiar. "I'll be around on time," "He was standing around," etc., have certainly a distinct Transatlantic flavor. But when Richard A. Procter tell us he once heard an American preacher speaking of Mary as "standing around the cross," he recalls memories of the Irishman who "surrounded" his cottage. Again, "all there," or "all there when the bell rings," are expressions too suggestive of an English race course to have been wholly American-born expressions. And again, "to talk back," given in some glossaries as an American equivalent for "to answer impudently," is a fault which many a British housewife has frequently to lament in her maid-servants—certainly with no more idea of using Americanese than of speaking Chinese.

"You bet" is more a Western than a Yankee expression, and has emanated naturally enough from a community where gambling was prevalent.

ENGLISHMAN.

Any man that puts an article in reach of overworked women to lighten her labor is certainly a benefactor. Dobbins' Soap Mfg. Co., surely come under this head in making Dobbins' Electric Soap so cheap that all can use it. You give it a trial.

At Home and Abroad.

A steam bicycle has made its appearance in Germany.

Mexico produces anything that can be raised in any other country. So varied is the climate that in the same State can be raised any product of the tropics and of the polar regions. Cotton, wheat, rye, silver, silk, cocoanuts, bananas, rice, cocoa, vanilla, logwood, mahogany, hides and wine are the principal products.

The New York police in a recent raid captured seven goats, and sent to a neighboring undertaker's establishment for a wagon in which to convey them to the pound. The undertaker—ex-Alderman Duffy—laboring under a misapprehension, sent a hearse. A few days ago the police received a bill of $66 for ten yards of silk fringe and six tassels, the captives, tempted by the funereal trappings, having eaten the lining out of the body of the vehicle. It was fun for the police till the bill came in. Now they might be termed the head mourners in the affair.

The question as to what constitutes a domestic animal and what is meant by the term wild beast is becoming more and more complicated. For while on the one hand the Supreme Court of Maryland has recently decided that the cat is a wild animal within the meaning of the law, the Supreme Court of Appeal in France has just issued a decree to the effect that a wild bull is a domestic animal. This remarkable decision has been rendered in connection with the question as to the illegality of bull fighting, which has hitherto been quite as much of a national pastime in the south of France as in Spain and Portugal. Inasmuch as the Court has now once and for all determined that bull fighting is contrary to law and therefore criminal, no one need complain of this interpretation of the code, except for the precedent that it affords of transforming wild beasts into domestic pets by legal procedure instead of by ordinary methods of taming.

No credence need be accorded to the stories which from time to time find their way into print describing, in graphic language, the recent escape or release of French soldiers alleged to have been detained in German prisons on one pretext or another since the close of the war, just a quarter of a century ago. Mlle. Coralie Cahen, who is decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor for her services in looking after the welfare of the French prisoners of war in Germany, and who took a leading part in perfecting the arrangements for their return home after the conclusion of peace, declares in the most positive manner that not a single French prisoner of war remains in any German prison, and that those who claim to have been detained as such subsequent to the signature of the Treaty of Frankfort are as much impostors as were those "last survivors of the Grand Army, just returned from the steppes of Russia," whose pretensions became a byword in the reign of King Louis Philippe.

A traveling man thus describes a "horse-swapping day" in Tennessee: "One of the men was mounted on a rawboned dapple gray, while the other nag was of a deep yellow, and looked much like a living, moving hatrack. One was leading a mule and the other an old steed that looked like a broken-down car horse. Presently the man on the yellow horse said to the other: 'Well?' The answer was, 'Well?' 'Talk.' 'You talk.' 'Well, what'll you do?' 'Swap.' 'How'll you swap?' 'Horse and horse.' After dickering for some time a trade was effected, and one of them got a dollar to boot. We wandered about over the place and covered about an acre and a half until we grow tired, and then returned to the train. On the way back we overheard two of the strangers talking. One of these said he was three jack-knives and $1.25 in money ahead. We were told that these swapping days are held once a month. The men meet at this place and swap anything from a jackknife to a farm, but trading in horses is the favorite fancy with them."

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Our Young Folks.

PUPPIES AND A DOLL.

THE five puppies at Rose Hill Farm sat in a corner of the wood-house, looking very sad, and talking together in dog language, for they were in great trouble.

About two months before, when they had first opened their eyes, they had looked up into the face of Miss Daisy, and had thought her the loveliest little girl in the world. She really was very pretty, and of course they had seen no one else.

Then Miss Daisy had taken them in her soft arms, and had cuddled them and kissed them, and had said they should belong to her always, for they should not part with one of them. And when her father, Farmer Grigg, laughed at her for wanting such a large family, she coaxed him and kissed him too, until he said she might do as she liked.

So for nearly two months the five new puppies were happy as the day was long; and Miss Daisy fed them, and played with them, and christened them, and invited her friend Dolly from the next farm to come and admire them too. One pup was called Humpty, and another Dumpty, because they fell off everything that it was possible for puppies to fall off. But Dolly was allowed to christen the next two, and she chose the names of Rufus and Tyrrell, because she was just beginning to learn about the kings of England, and was rather proud of her knowledge. The fifth pup was called Dick, after the good-natured cow-boy.

If only things had gone on in this way, Humpty, and Dumpty, and Rufus, and Tyrrell, and Dick would have gone on being the happiest puppies in the world until they grew into the happiest dogs. But then came Miss Daisy's birthday; and although it was a happy day for her, it was a sad day for the puppies; and it was all the fault of the new doll.

The new doll was nearly as big as a real baby, and she had blue eyes and thick brown hair, and clothes to go on and off, and real leather boots that laced up the front, and real kid gloves with buttons at the wrists; and she lay on Miss Daisy's bed, ready to smile at her as soon as she awoke on her birthday morning. Miss Daisy squealed for joy when she saw her new treasure; and she took off the boots and put them on again, and christened her Rosaline long before she herself was dressed for brek'fast.

But, sad to tell, in the midst of her joy Miss Daisy quite forgot her older pets, and the five dear pups were left shut up in the wood-house until Jane in the kitchen heard their hungry cries, and let them out, and gave them bread and milk. This was, indeed, a very sad day for the puppies.

Their little mistress did not come near them; she had a tea-party in the garden, and Dolly and her brothers and sisters came and played games; and Rosaline was admired, and dressed, and undressed, and taken for walks, and put to bed many times over; but never a thought was given to the poor little pups left so lonely in the wood-house.

For three days they whined, and grieved, and longed for Miss Daisy to come and play with them; but although they often saw her walking about with Rosaline in her arms, she never stopped to speak to them: she was so proud of her new treasure, she had no time for the old ones; and the old ones felt that they hated the new one.

So on this morning the five pups sat in a corner of the wood-house, and looked sad as they chattered together in dog language.

"She will never play with us again," whined Humpty; "and I am sure we are nicer than that horrid new puppy she carries about."

"Ugly thing!" snarled Dumpty.

"It isn't a bit like us," put in Rufus.

"I should like to eat it up," snapped Tyrrell.

And little Dick sighed, but said nothing.

"Look!" cried Humpty, who was near the door; "Miss Daisy is carrying it up the scullery steps to show to Jane."

"She used to carry us to show to Jane," sighed Dumpty.

"Jane is in the garden," said Rufus; "she spoke to me just now as she passed. I think Jane is a very kind girl; she does not forget her friends."

"Here's Miss Daisy again," cried Tyrrell.

"And she has left the new puppy in the scullery," said Dick quietly.

"Brothers!" cried Humpty, very excitedly, "if you are not afraid, follow me We will see what can be done. I am not afraid of any puppy. Let us go to the scullery and bark at it, and tell it what we think of its wicked ways."

"We will kill it," cried Dumpty, "if it will not go away, and leave Miss Daisy to love us as she used to do."

"Come on! come on!" cried Rufus and Tyrrell. Dick said nothing, but he trembled, and followed.

So all together they waddled across the yard, and scrambled up the steps to the scullery; and there, on the edge of a barrel, with her gloved hands and her booted feet sprawling, lay the guilty Rosaline who had stolen Miss Daisy's love from them.

Very softly and slowly they crept across the stone floor, until they reached the stool which stood beside the barrel; then for a moment they sat quite still and looked at their enemy, and Humpty raised himself on the stool to get a better look. It was a very solemn moment, and Dick drew back a little, in fear.

"We must be brave," whispered Humpty. "I expect she bites very hard; but I will go first, if you like."

"Very well," agreed Dumpty. "I will stand close behind to save you, if she fights."

"I will stand next," cried Rufus, "to catch her if she tries to run away."

"And I next," cried Tyrrell.

"I will stand at the end," said Dick in a very shaky voice; "then I shall be able to protect you all."

So they formed into a line, and Humpty put on a very bold look, stepped forward softly, and poked his little black nose towards the enemy's nearest boot. But the enemy did not move or speak; she only lay there sprawling, just as Miss Daisy had left her. Humpty grew bolder and bolder still when he found she did not growl.

"Now, brothers," he whispered, "I am going to attack her!"

And the other four trembled with excitement as they watched the noble Humpty; then, with a very fierce bark, the brave pup jumped forward, waved his stumpy tail in the air, and gave one big snap at the enemy's boot which hung so near his nose.

There was a crash; a yell from Humpty! and then the new doll was upon him, with her arms and legs all shaking with the fall.

Dumpty shrieked—Rufus barked—Tyrrel yapped—and little Dick, quite believing that the enemy was kicking poor Humpty to death, ran crying to the door. But he trembled so much that he could not climb down the steps; so he stood whining at the top of his voice, while his brothers barked and yelled, and Rufus tumbled over Tyrrell; and they all left poor Humpty struggling on the floor, with the new doll on top of him.

Such a fright they were in! Such a noise they made, you would have thought there were twenty puppies all fighting together.

At last Miss Daisy and Jane, hearing the screams, came running back to see what had happened.

"There now, Miss Daisy," cried Jane: "first you forgot the puppies, and then you forgot your doll; and it's a wonder Humpty didn't tear her in bits. Puppies never learn good manners if they are neglected. You had better teach them to take care of Rosaline, instead of eating her; but it's my belief they have grown quite jealous of her."

"I believe they have," agreed Miss Daisy, and in her heart she felt very guilty. "I have scarcely looked at them since my birthday; Rosaline took so much of my time. Poor puppies! how they are shaking. But now they shall be Rosaline's brothers, and I will love all alike, and will never forget them again."

So she sat on the stool and took them into her lap, and she kissed them and cuddled them as she used to do before Rosaline came, and the puppies grew happy again. Then after a little while Miss Daisy lifted Rosaline into her lap too and laid one of her hands on Humpty's paw. Poor Humpty trembled and his heart thumped very hard, but he did not wish to be a coward again, so he bore it bravely, and he found that this terrible new puppy, for that was what he and his brothers considered the doll, did not bite after all.

And when they had forgotten their fright they grew quite fond of Rosaline for Daisy's sake, and were as anxious to protect her as they had once been to kill her.

HE (sadly): "And if we should meet again next summer, how will your love be for me then?" She (buoyantly): "The same as ever, dear. We will go right on with it from where we leave off now."

MILES OF FROZEN FISH.

THE recently returned salmon fishers, whalers, and sealers from the Arctic tell of a strange thing—an occurrence without a parallel in the experience of those who sail to the far north.

A sea Captain who was a passenger on the salmon schooner Glenn tells the story with much circumstance. The Glenn left the city in March last year for Behring Sea, which was reached on May 4. In the latter month there is usually a little drift ice, but seldom enough to interfere materially with the progress of the many whalers, sealers, and other craft which make for the sea at that time of year.

This season, however, the sea was literally covered with drift ice, extending from the Alaskan peninsula clear across northward to the Yukon. The southeast winds usually blow off shore, and, driving the ice further from the land, leave a passage between ice and land. The Glenn intended to make Bristol Bay and stood to the eastward, but was unable to reach it on account of the ice, and so had to put back toward the peninsula to await the delayed southeast winds.

It was while the Glenn and four others passed up toward Bristol Bay that the phenomenon was encountered. The vessel had just emerged from Ouninak Pass, about half way between Amoukhta Island and Bristol Bay, when a vast quantity of dead fish was encountered. They were in the water as far as the eye could see on each side of the vessel, and for sixty miles the Glenn traveled through the shoals of fish.

On examination they proved to be silver hake, a kind of codfish, but narrower and smaller and having only two dorsal and one anal fin. They weighed between four and five pounds and were perfectly fresh, the gills being still red. Some of the sailors were afraid to eat them, thinking they had perhaps been killed by some subterranean upheaval, or, possibly, through the overflow from the volcano or Wenyaminor, which was active last fall. Other sailors less fastidious did not hesitate to cut the fish open, and then a peculiar condition was revealed. Although the fish were fresh and had not stiffened, the gills and intestines were found to be full of ice. This was not the case in one instance, but with every fish which was opened, and apparently accounted for their deaths in such large numbers.

The anomalous condition of the fish was the subject of much talk and speculation. That the fish should be comparatively limber and that there should be ice within them seemed to indicate that a shoal of them had been suddenly overtaken and frozen to death, and on the thawing out of the ice the carcasses had been released, but had not risen in temperature sufficiently to thaw out the ice in their bodies. Those of the sailors who cooked the fish said that they tasted as good as ever, and that they were not tainted by sulphur as they might have been in the event of their death being due to a sudden subterranean upheaval.

The gentleman who is authority for the story has been traveling every season to the Arctic since 1888, and never had seen such a shoal of dead fish, nor yet discovered fish with the intestines frozen as these had. He also drew attention to the fact that in the seven years of his traveling, though he had often seen black snake issuing from the Wenyaminor Volcano, near Port Moller, he never saw it or heard of its being in active eruption until 1893, in the fall. Then it belched hot ashes and flames, and the roar was like artillery. This volcano is close to the shore, and the line of fish extended almost as far north as to a point opposite it. The Captain does not maintain that there was any connection between the facts of the eruption in the fall and the finding of the fish in the spring, but merely states the facts as they existed, leaving to others to trace any connection or reject any association of the phenomena.

The area of the frozen fish was not less than half a mile wide and sixty miles long. When the Glenn, on its homeward journey, reached Ouninak Pass again, on Aug. 29, every sign of the fish had disappeared. Many had doubtless been eaten by the gulls and other birds, and others had sunk in the warm water. As far as the Captain could state, there was no other fish of any kind except the silver hake in the shoal. The carcasses had been perhaps almost as suddenly released from their bonds of ice as they had been entombed.

Hall's Hair Renewer enjoys the confidence and patronage of people all over the civilized world, who use it to restore and keep the hair a natural color.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Berlin ranks as the healthiest city in the world.

Visiting cards were widely used in China 1,100 years ago.

The White House of the Confederacy is now used for a colored school house.

The Swiss Government made a profit of about $1,000,000 last year by its monopoly of spirits.

The manufacture of razors by machinery has become an important industry in Germany.

The earth's lowest body of water is the Caspian Sea, which has been sinking for centuries.

The large guns of modern navies can be fired only about 75 times, when they become worn out.

Sweeping for lost anchors is one of the curious and remunerative trades of Martha's Vineyard sailors.

Marsh rabbit is the name given in Delaware to meat of the muskrat, which is sold in some of the markets of the State.

Railways in Holland are so carefully managed that the accidental deaths on them average only one a year for the entire country.

Convicts in the Missouri Penitentiary have corn bread for dinner every day in the week, except Sunday, when they have wheat bread.

There is said to be a church on the banks of the Saginaw river, near its mouth, which has a seating capacity of but 18 worshippers.

For the hide of a full-grown giraffe, greatly sought after in Africa for whip and sandal-making, the native hunters get from $15 to $25.

The Kremlin of Moscow contains the crown of Poland and of all the other kingdoms and principalities which Russia has overthrown.

Dyer Scanlan, who was released from Joliet, recently, left prison with a vow on his lips that he would kill the man who had married his girl.

The new canal uniting the North and the Baltic Sea is the consummation of a thought which originated more than six hundred years ago.

The British Museum possesses a collection of old Greek advertisements printed on leaden plates which show that the practise is very ancient.

Two young men have found buried in a sand bar on the Missouri river the bulk of an old steamer lost before the war which contains 100 barrels of whisky.

The standard of height for the British army has been raised to five feet four inches, except for recruits under 20. Most of the Continental armies are much less exclusive.

A horse was sold at Valdosta, Ga., recently for $5; a doctor bill of $5 was paid on it the same day, while a negro was given $1 to drag it to the city commons the day afterwards.

An English curio hunter offered the Town Council of Lyons $10,000 for the carriage in which President Carnot was riding when stabbed by Caserio. They refuse to part with the vehicle.

Henriette: "Why are you so downcast?" Florence: "Who wouldn't be when one expects one's father-in-law to come and live with one for six months! Our mothers would never do that."

More than fifty kinds of bark are now used in the manufacture of paper. Even human skins, pea vines, cocoanut fibres, hay, straw, water weeds, leaves, shavings, corn husks and hop plants are employed.

The Pueblo Indians are a moral race. They have resisted all attempts of traders to introduce whisky and playing cards among them. They are about the only tribesmen that have not a taste for "firewater."

There are 26,231 school teachers in Pennsylvania, 8454 men and 17,777 women. The average salaries of the male teachers a month amount to $44.16, while the women get $33.05. The average attendance of pupils is 759,560.

The eucalyptus tree, which is being planted extensively in California for windbreaks and other purposes, grows to a height of fifty feet in three years after the seed is planted. When raised for cordwood and cut once every fifth year it brings about $50 an acre.

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company is considering methods for preventing train robbery, but thus far no feasible plan has been found. It is thought the best would be to place the express car in the middle of the train, thus making it difficult to detach it from the remainder of the train.

The storied gondola seems to have had its day. Electric launches are likely to be introduced to the canals of Venice ere long. Steam craft have now been in use in the city for a year or two; but the smoke which they throw off is an objection to them, and they are so large that they cannot easily thread the smaller canals.

OUR SECRET.

BY W. W. LONG.

We have lived in love together,
As no other mortals live;
We have drank a purer nectar
Than those who wait on men can give.

Fairest flowers have bloomed for us,
Richest fruits our lips have known;
Flowers and fruits for other mortals,
In this life were never grown.

We have stood in storm and battle,
Holding fast each other's hand;
We have watched when night was blackest,
In a dark and dreary land.

Bitter draughts our lips have tasted,
As the very dregs of death;
When we watched the passing hours
Going like an infant's breath.

'Tis our secret; closely hidden
From the watchful eyes of men,
That in heaven and hell together,
We have died and live again.

THE CENTRE OF THE WORLD.

Where is it? "At Boston," says the cultured inhabitant of the "hub" of the universe. It is very interesting to trace how many centres the world has had within the range of written history. The old Egyptians placed it at Thebes, the Assyrians at Babylon, the Hindus at Mount Meru, the Jews at Jerusalem, and the Greeks at Olympus, until they moved it to Rhodes. There exists an old map in which the world is given a human figure, and the heart of that figure is Egypt. And there exists, or did exist, an old fountain in Sicily on which was this inscription: "I am in the centre of the garden; this garden is the centre of Sicily; and Sicily is the Centre of the whole Earth."

In that vast desert eastward of India, imagined by Herodotus, there is the country of China, which calls itself the Middle Kingdom, and the Emperor of which, in a letter to the King of England in this very century, announced that China is endowed by Heaven as the 'flourishing and central Empire" of the world. And yet, once upon a time, according to some old Japanese writings, Japan was known as the Middle Kingdom; and the Persians claimed the same position for Persia; and, according to Professor Sayce, the old Chaldeans said that the centre of the earth was in the heart of the impenetrable forest of Eridu.

This forest, by the way, was also called the "holy house of the Gods." It is a curious fact that a ninth-century map, in the Strasburg Library, places the Terrestrial Paradise—the Garden of Eden—in that part of Asia we now know as the Chinese Empire, and it is also so marked in a map found by Mr. Baring-Gould in the British Museum.

Sir John Mandeville's description of the Terrestrial Paradise which he discovered, gives it as the highest place on earth—so high that the waters of the flood could not reach it. And in the very centre of the highest point is a well, he said, that casts out the four streams, Ganges, Nile, Tigris and Euphrates, all sacred streams.

Now in the "Encyclopedia of India" we learn that "The Hindus at Bikanir Rajputana taught that the mountain Meru is in the centre surrounded by concentric circles of land and sea. Some Hindus regard Mount Meru as the North Pole. The astronomical views of the Puranas make the heavenly bodies turn round it." So here again we have a mountain as the terrestrial centre.

In the Avesta there is reference to a lofty mountain at the centre of the world from which all the mountains of the earth have grown, and the summit of which is the fountain of waters, whereby grow the two trees—the Heavenly Soma, and another which yields all the seeds that germinate on earth. From this fountain, according to the Buddhist tradition, flow four streams to the four points of the compass, each of them making a complete circuit in its descent.

And Mr. Schliemann thus writes of a central circle he unearthed in the palace at Tiryns: "In the exact centre of the hall, and therefore within the square enclosed by the four pillars, there is found in the floor a circle of about 3.30 m. diameter. There can be little doubt that this circle indicates the position of the hearth in the centre of the megaron. The hearth was in all antiquity the centre of the house, about which the family assembled, at which food was prepared, and where the guest received the place of honor. Hence it is frequently indicated by poets and philosophers as the navel or centre of the house.

We have seen the centre of the world placed in Europe, in Asia and in Africa, but who would expect to find it in America many centuries ago? Yet the traditions of Peru have it that Cuzco was founded by the gods, and that its name signifies "navel;" and traditions of Mexico describe Yucatan as "the centre and foundation" of both heaven and earth. But let us go back to the East as the most likely quarter in which to find it, and as the quarter to which the eyes of man have been most consistently turned.

To successive generations of both Jews and Christians, Jerusalem has been the centre of the world, and the Temple the centre of Jerusalem. The Talmud gives directions to those who are in foreign countries to pray with their faces towards the sacred land; to those in Palestine to pray with their faces towards Jerusalem; to those in Jerusalem to pray with their faces towards the Mount; to those in the Temple to pray with their faces towards the Holy of Holies. Now this was not merely because this sacred spot was a ceremonial centre, but because it was regarded as the geographical centre of the earth. According to the Rabbis, the Temple was built on the great central rock of the world. Right down to and through the Middle Ages Jerusalem was regarded by all Christians as the centre of the world.

IN showing how one sense is sharpened to supply the loss of another, Dr. S. Millington Miller writes that Mr. Alexander Hunter, of the Land Office at Washington, though entirely deaf, spelled without mistake 150 words read to him from the dictionary. He has become able to read the motion of the lips of those addressing him. This faculty is not rare among the deaf, and by means of it some of them, like Mitchell, the chemist of the United States Patent Office, have been able to understand the lectures necessary for their graduation at college.

Grains of Gold.

It takes a wise man to master his own zeal.

To be without faults is to be without friends.

Man's heart is the measure of his usefulness.

Justice is kindness that goes all the way round.

Many people are not strong enough to test their own creeds.

What man lacks in wisdom is usually made up in self conceit.

Confidence in conversation has a greater share than wit.

Unless you flatter some people they imagine you are slandering them.

Man's inhumanity to man is not a patching to his inhumanity to woman.

If mortals did not overrate their importance they would not be such cowards.

Virtue and decency are so nearly related that it is difficult to separate them from each other.

Without the weaknesses of human nature there would be nothing to develop the sympathy of human nature.

Ceremony is the invention of wise men to keep fools at a distance; as good breeding is an expedient to make fools and wise men equals.

It is the small troubles that wear the heart out. An elephant that will face an army of men makes an inglorious retreat before an army of gallinippers.

Do a good thing for others whenever you can, whether you find people grateful or not. There is no greater pleasure than that which comes from the consciousness of having done a good act.

Femininities.

Never take a wife who has no faults.

Do your duty and let somebody else talk about it.

A bad wife takes advice from every man but her husband.

A good thing to clear away the breath of suspicion is a clove.

It seems strange that when a fellow sows his wild oats he usually plants rye.

Some women, when they have nothing else to sit down on, use their husbands.

At a Japanese banquet it is a compliment to ask to exchange cups with a friend.

Wowser: "What do you think of home rule?" Bowser: "Down on it. I'm married."

When a woman ceases to care how she dresses, she is either married or never will be.

A slasher with a mania for cutting women's dresses has been caught in New York.

"Jack, I proposed to Mary last night." Tom: "How did you come out?" Jack: "Head first."

More than 100 callings, professions and occupations are open to women of the present day.

"When I broached matrimony she dismissed the subject with a word." "What did she say?" "Yes."

It doesn't make much difference how healthy a blind man may be, it is the height of folly to tell him he is looking well.

"Just as I was proposing to her a mouse ran under her chair." "And did she scream?" "She did, after she had said 'yes.'"

He: "What I admire most about Miss Peachison Creme is her complexion. It's so fresh, you know." She: "Yes, fresh every day."

Mrs. Naggers: "The dentist half killed me this afternoon. Wasn't it too bad?" Mr Naggers: "Yes; I don't believe in half doing things."

Grocer: "Will you have green tea or black tea?" Mrs. Newlywed: "Mercy! what ugly colors. Haven't you any suitable for a pink tea?"

The Parisian foot gear is a raised shoe, and is often a foot high. It is made of light wood, richly inlaid with a strap extending from the instep.

A New Yorker is in a hospital in that city suffering with a dislocated hip. An ambulance surgeon diagnosed the patient's complaint as alcoholism.

It is said that dew will not form on some colors. While a yellow board will be covered with dew, a red or black one beside it will be perfectly dry.

The lady arrived a little late at the embroidery class. Servant: "Excuse me, madam, but I'd advise you to wait a few minutes. Just now they are talking about you."

"Sorry to disappoint you miss," said the turnkey to the young woman who had called with the basket of flowers, "but we haven't any murderers in the jail to day."

"I believe I should like to be cremated after I die," remarked Mr. Greatest. "I always supposed," said Mrs. Hashcroft, "that you would want to be stuffed." Thus it was that she lost a boarder.

Wife: "Haven't I suffered in a thousand ways since I married you." Heartless husband: "There is one way you haven't." Wife, indignantly: "In what way is that?" Heartless husband: "In silence."

Mr. D'Avnue: "My stars! More money? What on earth did you do with all I gave you last week?" Mrs. D'Avnue: "Well, I used a little of it in buying a new album for the photographs of the dukes and princes I refused before I married you."

The "Six of One and Half a Dozen of the Other" Clubs is reported to be the latest addition to the society organizations in Gardiner, Me. It is a ladies' whist club, and the name is very appropriate, inasmuch as six of its members are maidens and six are matrons.

Oldtime friend: Now that you are married are you happy, Mrs. Newlywed?

Mrs. Newlywed: Well, yes; I am very happy compared with some people.

Oldtime friend: Compared with whom?

Mrs. Newlywed: Well, with my husband, for instance.

Holland has never completely recovered from the tulip fever of the seventeenth century. At Haarlem they are holding the quinquennial exhibition of bulb plants, hyacinths, narcissus and tulips, which are again becoming popular in Europe. Among the flowers is an almost black tulip.

Civilization is making rapid strides in South Africa, but the Bushman yet makes his own knife and with considerable ingenuity. They dig a little iron, find a broken hatchet, or a hoop from a rum barrel, and out of these parts they form even axes, adzes, hammers and about everything they need in that line. These implements are of course very crude, but the native has much patience and will not forego his bottle of rum for the cost of the imported tool.

Masculinities.

A man may be honest as the day is long and still do a great deal of mischief during the night.

Out of remorse for having stolen a horse a young man committed suicide at Waco, Tex.

"The vilest sinner may return," wrote a pious girl to her lover, with whom she had parted in anger.

Two men have been sentenced to life imprisonment at Pembina, N. J., for stealing $3 from a man on the highway.

A little boy, disputing with his sister, exclaimed, "'Tis true, for ma says so; and if ma says so, it is so if it ain't so."

It is a rather deplorable fact, judged from the masculine point of view, that the new woman insists upon wearing new clothes.

A Western editor apologizes for the deficiency of the first edition of his paper by saying that he was detained at home by a second edition in his family.

Prince Bismarck has been elected an honorary member of the Prussian Academy of Arts. There are only four honorary members, one of whom is the Empress Frederick.

Some of the tops with which Chinamen amuse themselves are as large as barrels. It takes three men to spin one, and it gives off a sound that may be heard several hundred yards.

"Had night mayor" is the way the blotter of a police station at Elizabeth, N. J., reads, in describing the condition of a boy found the other evening some distance from home by the police.

A man who has been traveling in the far West says—but he probably misrepresents the matter—that when an Idaho girl is kissed she indignantly exclaims, "Now put that right back where you took it from!"

The German soldier is to have his buttons and the other metal parts of his uniform made of aluminium. He will thus, by this reduction in weight be able to carry 100 additional rounds of ammunition.

Emperor William's latest fad is telegraphy, and he is spending several hours a week learning to send messages by dots and dashes. He has already made considerable progress as an operator on the key.

A New York man asked to be excused from serving on jury on the ground that he was incompetent through his conviction that he should not judge the guilt or innocence of his fellow man. His plea was granted.

"Amusia," or loss of the musical faculty, has been reviewed by Professor Edgren, of Stockholm. The disease proves to be strictly analogous to aphasia, the loss of speech, which may or may not accompany it.

"You have a lovely daughter," remarked the eligible young man. "Yes," replied the father, who had been trying for years to marry her off, "but I would like to have a son-in-law to boot." And the young man fled.

Sir Benjamin Richardson, a noted English physician, thinks that the normal period of human life is about 110 years, and that seven out of ten average people ought to live that long if they took proper care of themselves.

The proprietor of a young ladies' academy in Illinois has utterly ruined his business by causing to be inserted in a large number of papers a picture of the building, with girls standing on the balcony with last year's hats on their heads.

Quite a sensation was produced at Ratisbon by the appearance in the streets of a horse wearing two pairs of trousers. The anxious owner had got a set of brown hose made especially for his favorite steed as a protection against the cold.

Although it is not difficult for a man to induce the Legislature to change his name, it is seldom that advantage is taken of this liberality. People seem to have an affection for their names, no matter how homely or grotesque they may be.

"What you want," said the barber, as he ran his fingers through the few remaining hairs on the head of a customer, "what you want is a bottle of my hair restorer." "What I want," replied the customer, "is a divorce." And the barber said no more.

There is at present in the Smithsonian Institution a remarkable piece of pen work executed by a man over 91 years of age. When in Washington recently he wrote on a piece of paper the size of a postal card matter containing 12,460 letters besides the Lord's Prayer in a circle the size of a ten cent piece.

Captain I. D. Blondell, the champion distance swimmer of America," is of the opinion that swimming is almost a lost art with Americans. The captain has saved 32 lives, and he urges that as a means of saving life, if for nothing else, swimming should be encouraged.

An Oregon man hewed a thirteen feet boat out of a cedar log, and in this little craft he proposes to make a voyage to Europe from San Francisco by way of Cape Horn, unless the railroad companies will allow him to reach the Atlantic seaboard by putting his boat on wheels and using the tracks, sailing before the wind.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Although these long, loose blouse styles, hanging over the front of the waistband, may be considered stylish, surely they are not by any means beautiful, nor do they improve the figure. However, the fashionable woman of to-day will apparently wear anything—sackcloth, should be "la mode;" but the wise one clothes herself to suit not the world, but her own particular style of beauty, and in this way she is not only sure of being considered a well dressed woman, but she becomes at once a pleasure to look on. Why, nine women out of every dozen look better in a neat, perfectly fitting tailor gown than in all the lace, frills or furbelows in which they sometimes deck themselves, although for many occasions dressy gowns are certainly a necessity. The very prettiest arrangement to the blouse style is Redfern's new method of a drooping box plait, slightly falling over the front of the waist belt, and with handsome rhinestone or jet buttons as a finish down the centre.

One of the latest achievements of the celebrated firm of ladies' tailors was a remarkably handsome gown of their heather tweed, a dainty blue, with a dull, red thread at intervals. The skirt had the new folds, five in number, three gracefully flowing out behind and two smaller ones on either side; while the smart little waist, which fitted like a glove, had a rich yoke of white cloth under a handsome braiding design in gold and blue mixed cord. It fastened with tiny gold buttons from the shoulders to a point just below the waist, and had buttons down the opposite side to correspond.

A very elegant wedding toilette has the widely flaring skirt with godet back and very long train, adorned at each side by two panels of fine old lace. This skirt is well stiffened with white hair cloth, is lined throughout with white silk, and finished by a deep balayeuse of lace.

The corsage, also of pearl white satin, fits snugly over the shoulders, and is drawn in with a little fulness under a soft belt of white satin. Very full ruffles of deep white lace form a collet at the back, large epaulettes over the sleeves and jacket fronts. A large cluster of orange blossoms is placed on the left shoulder, and from a similar cluster, placed under the belt on the left side, a spray falls half way down the skirt. The sleeves are very large gigots finished at the wrists by soft folds of mousseline de soie, but in this instance also bouffante puffed sleeves to the elbow may be substituted.

The lace veil is gracefully draped with a fan bow across the front, producing somewhat the effect of a Napoleon hat; and before this bow a spray of orange blossoms is placed across the head. The gloves are of white suede and the white satin slippers are garnished with orange blossoms.

The veils may be draped with jeweled pins and tulle may be used instead of lace.

Among the tweeds and closely woven wool goods is a corded fabric which is to be popular for tailor gowns. It is smooth in finish, comes in a variety of plain colors, and also striped with a narrow line of white and is said to be very serviceable for traveling dresses.

The new serges are light in weight, soft texture, and cheaper in price than ever. The variety in silk and wool goods is beyond description, as they are shown in every conceivable mixture of colors. The silk is thrown up on the surface in dots, loops and dashes of color, and others are repped like bengaline.

Butter colored straw hats are trimmed with yellow and pink chiffon rosettes alternated around the crown and quite covering the rim. Yellow and pink roses droop over the hair at the back, with green wings on each side in front.

The latest novelty in evening shoes is a black satin slipper with an appliqué of white Brussels lace on the toe. Satin slippers, elaborately spangled to match the paillettes used on the gown, are another fad of fashion.

Winged creatures and effects that suggest them are much in vogue for adorning both large and small hats, and the great assortment of such trimmings that is now displayed includes birds of all kinds, riveted jet butterflies, wings made of various materials, and gauzy bows fashioned to look like wings or butterflies.

Rosettes of lace or ribbon are one of the little accessories of dress, and they appear on hats and capes, and on the waists, sleeves and skirts with great effect. A peach-colored satin evening gown is trimmed up the seams of the skirt on either side of the front with rosettes of pink crepon in graduated sizes.

The desire to have everything bizarre and startling has produced some remarkable results. The attention of womankind and mankind also has lately been much drawn to the size and color of the sleeves worn. All possible and conceivable styles have been allowed, and now the women who insist upon having the very latest things are trying to have their sleeves made of sash ribbon, for in them are more colors combined and more striking effects secured. There is, of course, a necessity of many seams, but this is obviated by the clever ones who choose striped ribbons and arrange to have the seams where the stripes will hide them.

A material used for the wedding gown is white satin, heavy and lustrous, and the skirt, which flares well, has a medium, train, full and fanlike in effect, but not as long as those worn last season. The bodice is a draped one, coming to a short point in the front and at the back and arching over the hips. This portion of it is outlined by small pear beads. The skirt trimming consists of wide folds of tulle draped in curves as high up as the knees, each curve being caught by a bunch of orange blossoms. The very full sleeves shape into the arms, and come well over the wrists in sharp points defined by small beads like those on the edge of the bodice. Tulle is draped across the corsage and caught by very small bunches of the bridal flower, while a knot of tulle and a bunch of the blossoms hold up the fullness of each sleeve near the shoulder. The hair, which is arranged high on the head, is dressed with orange blossoms.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

The Nursery.—The nursery should be provided with a reliable thermometer, hung in a place where it will not be too near the fire or the windows, so that it will register the average temperature of the room. The temperature should be about 70 degrees in the daytime, and at night a few degrees lower. The temperature can be determined in some measure by the child itself. If it is an active, warm blooded child, it will be more comfortable in a temperature two or three degrees lower than that required by a less active child. Changes in the temperature should be avoided, lest the child should take cold.

The walls of the nursery should be painted so that they may be frequently and thoroughly cleansed. If the room is papered, be careful that there is no trace of arsenic in the paper. The same care should be exercised in selecting any draperies that may be in the nursery. Many cretonnes and Indian muslins contain arsenic, and, though there may be but very little of the poisonous matter in them, yet it may account for obscure illnesses. As a matter of health, however pretty draperies may be, they should be banished from the nursery, as they serve to collect dust.

Walnut Furniture.—When oiled walnut furniture begins to grow dingy it can be made to look as fresh as new by rubbing. Linseed or even olive oil can be used; but pure, good kerosene oil is much the best. Rub it well in with a soft woolen rag and polish with clean, dry flannel.

Damp Cellars.—If a cellar has a damp smell and cannot be thoroughly ventilated, a few trays of charcoal set around on the floor, shelves and ledges will make the air pure and sweet. If a large basketful of charcoal be placed in a damp cellar where milk is kept, there will be no danger of its becoming tainted.

Lambrequins.—In the interest of true art, the old style of lambrequin is no longer in vogue. In place of it is long, soft drapery, fastened to a window pole or festooned about it, and either falling in straight voluminous foldings or looped into graceful cascades. The heavily-carved cornice, with an embossed central pediment, is no more to be seen laden with accumulated dust of months of sweepings. The best way to arrange drapery is the simplest. In the old style, stiff and saloon like, the fabric was cut and sewed into shape on the table. Now it is draped. If draped, it needs be directly after the top is hung, so that each window is treated by itself. If the room be high, the effect will be heightened by arranging it in a series of cascades or jabots.

Lace Curtains.—In a handsome parlor there are hung first and close to the glass soft, delicate lace curtains that reach only to the bottom of the sash. Next follow the French festoon shades generally of jongee or other light silks. These consist of four longitudinal puffings controlled by a spring roller. Then come the festooned lace curtains, and lastly the silk brocade velours or tapestry hangings that are attached to the pole by puffs or festoons and descend to the floor in elegant and graceful wavings.

Cosmetics.—One of the best cosmetics is comfortable dressing. An eminent physician says: "Comfortable dressing is a positive ice to wrinkles, pale cheeks and dull eyes." Loose shoes, easy-fitting corsets, light-weight clothing and especially warm clothing, are positive beautifiers.

Chapped Hands.—One of the most agreeable mixtures for chapped hands and faces is composed of one ounce of glycerine, one ounce of rose water and twenty drops of benzoin. After the skin has been washed, but before it has been dried, the mixture should be rubbed in.

The Bath.—Here are some facts in regard to baths. A daily bath is necessary to health and beauty. A hot tub bath should be taken only before bedtime. Salt baths are soothing and cleansing.

Wrinkles.—One of the most fruitful causes of wrinkles is straining the eyes. Sudden transitions from darkness to light, or vice versa, make the eyes shrink and produce wrinkles. Reading by dim light, overworking the eyes and wearing cross-barred and dotted veils help on the wrinkle-producing work.

Scent.—Never pour scent on your garments. Liquid perfumes have just two uses. One is to soften and sweeten the water in which one washes and the other is to rub aching muscles. The invigorating effect of the alcohol and the soothing effect of the odor are excellent medicinally. But if used to perfume clothing the effect is bad, flower odor soon evaporates, and there clings to the wool or linen only the fragrance of alcohol combined with "stuffy" house and street car odors.

Whipped Cream Sauce.—Whip a pint of thick, sweet cream, add the beaten whites of two eggs, sweeten to taste; place pudding in centre of dish, and surround with the sauce, or pile up in centre and surround with moulded blanc-mange or stewed whole fruits.

Venison in a Chafing Dish.—Put a piece of butter the size of a walnut in your chafing dish, and, when hot, put in the steak. When brown on one side turn and brown on the other, and add a quarter teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of currant jelly, two tablespoonfuls of sherry and a little black pepper. Cover the dish; let all heat together about two minutes and serve.

Lemon Sauce.—One cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, one egg, one lemon, juice and grated rind, three tablespoonfuls of boiling water; put in a tin pail and thicken over steam.

Potato Soufflé.—Steam six potatoes without removing the skins, then peel and mash, adding while hot one tablespoonful of butter, half a pint of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, and a tiny pinch of cayenne pepper. Beat till smooth and light. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, stir gently into the potatoes. Heap them on a baking dish or drop by spoonfuls on a greased paper. Dust with grated cheese, and put in a quick oven till a golden brown. Serve hot.

His One Only Trait.—He was very rich, and, as is not as unusual as it should be, he was successful in love. At last he found his ideal.

She was gay, frivolous and poor, and she loved the great world and its ways. Money was no object to her. There are many who do not differ from her very widely.

The day for the wedding was set, and he began to grow careless. She did not, because she had always been so. One day they quarreled, and she said some things to him that set him to asking questions of his friends. Then he came again to see her. He was in a bad humor.

"So," he said harshly, "you are like most women."

"I hope so," she replied.

He wasn't expecting that answer.

"You are like them in loving money," he continued.

"Well, and what of it?" she questioned with scorn.

"Everything," he said angrily. "You accepted me because I am rich, and are to marry me for my money."

It was a home thrust, and the girl bitsined and hung her head.

"Answer me," he commanded. "Answer me, I say. Would you marry me if I had no money?"

The girl's wits returned on the instant.

"Good gracious, Mr. Cashinhand," she exclaimed, "you didn't think I'd marry a man without one redeeming trait, did you?"

And Mr. C. was sorry he hadn't quit before he began.

FOUR HOUSEHOLD FAMILIARS.

Salt on the fingers when cleaning fowls, meat, or fish will prevent slipping.

Salt thrown on a coal fire when broiling steak will prevent blazing from the dripping fat.

Salt as a gargle will cure soreness of the throat.

Salt in solution inhaled cures cold in the head.

Salt in water is the best thing to clean willowware and matting.

Salt in the oven under baking tins will prevent their scorching on the bottom.

Salt puts out a fire in the chimney.

Salt and vinegar will remove stains from discolored teacups.

Salt and soda are excellent for bee stings and spider bites.

Salt thrown on soot which has fallen on the carpet will prevent stain.

Salt put on ink when freshly spilled on a carpet will help in removing the spot.

Salt in whitewash makes it stick.

Salt thrown on a coal fire which is low will revive it.

Salt used in sweeping carpets keeps out moths.

Vinegar will "set" dubious greens and blues in ginghams.

Vinegar is an antidote for poisoning by alkalis.

Vinegar will brighten copper.

Vinegar and brown paper will heal bruise or "black eye."

Vinegar and sugar will make a good stove polish.

Vinegar and salt will strengthen a lame back.

Vinegar used to wash the wall before papering will help the paper to stick.

Vinegar for soaking lamp wicks makes a brilliant light.

Kerosene simplifies laundry work.

Kerosene in starch prevents its sticking.

Kerosene is a good counter irritant.

Kerosene will remove rust from bolts and bars.

Kerosene will remove fresh paint.

Kerosene will remove tar.

Kerosene on a cloth will prevent flatirons from scorching.

Kerosene cleans brass, but it should be afterwards wiped with dry whiting.

A solution of ammonia cleanses sink and drain-pipes.

Ammonia takes finger-marks from paint.

Ammonia in dish water brightens silver.

Ammonia in water keeps flannels soft.

Ammonia is good in washing lace and fine muslin.

Ammonia cleanses hair brushes.

Ammonia bleaches yellowed flannels.

Ammonia brightens windows and looking-glasses.

Why so Called.—It is a matter of curious interest to note that there are several large seas which are named from their color.

The White Sea bears its name with perhaps the best reason of any. Its shores are covered with snow for the greater part of the year, and its frozen surface is for that time a snowy plain.

The Red Sea is also entitled to its name. Through its clear water the reefs of red coral are clearly to be seen. Much of its rocky bed is the growth of the coral insect. Another reason, and probably the true one for the name of this sea, is the fact that along its eastern shore lies ancient Edom. This name signifies "red." It was given to the region—not from the color of its sandstone hills, but from its people. These are the descendants of him who came in faint and weary from hunting, and said to his brother, "Feed me, I pray thee, with that same red pottage; for I am faint: therefore was his name called Edom."

In the case of the Yellow Sea its name is sufficiently accounted for from the appearance of its water. The sea receives a great deal of mud from the rivers of China. Moreover, it is shallow, and the sandy bottom gives its own color to the water a long way out from the shore.

The Black Sea affords us no intelligible account of its name. Its waters are not black: they are described as of a deep blue, like that which is seen in sunny weather off the south-western shores of England. The Russians called the sea black. It seems not at all unlikely, however, that the name was suggested by antithesis. The sea lies to the south of Russia, as the White Sea lies to the north.

A centre of gravity—the man who never smiles.

Recent Book Issues.

"The Grandee" is a powerful and intensely interesting story of life in an old Spanish city. Armondo Palacio Valdes, its author, is the former novelist of his country to-day. There is not a dull line in the book, which takes the reader into a new world, into a new social atmosphere. The novel is possibly in places too realistic, painting with no attempt at concealment what other writers might paraphrase or suppress, but its moral teaching is al ways good. Beautifully printed and bound. Published by the F. A. Stokes Co., New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

We have received the April number (Number Two) of the "Art Idols," which contains six superb reproductions of famous paintings of the nude. Each plate is 14 by 17 inches and the entire set is a veritable art treasure for the student or amateur collector. In the last number is "La Guipier," by Bouguereau; Cossmans' "Cupid as Pilot," Ballavoine's "Les Indiscrets," and "Lassitude," by the same artist; Carolus-Duran's "Vision" and Caucanier's "Noontide Rest." Price one dollar. The White City Art Company, Chicago, Ill.

PLANTS AND ANIMALS.

A WRITER on "Humanity Past and Future," says: "A means will be discovered to suspend animation, and thereby prolong interrupted life perhaps for centuries." This bold prediction is a curious comment upon the controversy, renewed from time to time, as to the possibility of the growth of "mummy wheat." Botanists generally deny the possibility of the suspended vitality of corn during many centuries, and reduce its life-history to the short span of seven years. Yet scientific dreamers already fancy the problem of suspended animation, even in warm-blooded animals, almost solved.

But if Nature altogether refuses, even under the most favorable circumstances, to extend her lease of life to those grains which she has herself matured and hardened to endure months or years of seeming death, how is she to be induced to do so in the case of those creatures to whom *breath* is life, and the exclusion of air, death?

Nevertheless, hibernation—which is a form of suspended animation—is common in many warm-blood animals; whilst the chrysalis state is almost universal among insects. No one knows how long these two forms of death in-life may endure under abnormal conditions, or how far the principle may be extended.

Indian jugglers, have, as we know, long claimed the power of suspending animation at will, and one instance at least is recorded in which this power seems to have been subjected successfully to a pure test. Doubters, however, will continue to class this with the stories of toads shut up in rocks, and the growth of mummy wheat, regarding all alike as impossible.

The sceptic may be right, but it is quite possible to err on the side of scepticism; and it is certain that the vitality of seeds is much under estimated. A case in point came under the notice of the writer some years ago, when, on the death of an aged relative, seeds of melon and geranium which had been stored for nearly fifty years—the locality whence derived and the date having been carefully noted by the deceased—were sown, with the result that many of them grew and produced fruit and flowers of excellent quality. This, which can be vouched for, proves that, under ordinary circumstances, seeds will retain vitality for at least half a century; who shall say?

But perhaps the most remarkable cases of long continued suspension of vitality and renewal of life in plants are those which occur occasionally when earth, which has remained undisturbed for centuries, upon exposure to the air brings forth plants, not indeed, unknown to botanists, but unknown to the district in which they appear.

Dr. Carpenter, in his "Vegetable Physiology," brings forward several singular cases of this kind; in one, clay thrown up from beneath fourteen feet of peat earth yielded seeds which, when sown, produced a species of chrysanthemum. In another, some well-diggers, forty miles from the sea, came upon sea-sand, which, upon being brought to the surface and scattered, yielded a number of small trees. These proved to be beech-plum trees, which grow only on the sea-shore, and were of course new to the district.

Professor von Heidrich of Athens asserts that at the silver mines of Laurium, in Greece, a luxuriant crop of horned poppy of an unknown species has appeared on soil covered to a depth of ten feet by the scoriæ thrown out by the ancient workers, and recently disturbed in order to remelt the old refuse.

An exceedingly interesting instance of this kind occurred in Bath some years ago, when, on uncovering the old Roman baths, wherever the spade of the explorer let in air and light, a fern—certainly at present unknown in the neighborhood—sprang up in every little nook and corner. Some of these plants lived and grew for years; but, although carefully protected, they have now entirely disappeared.

A similar story might be told in many other localities. Even in London, it is said that the hedge-mustard springs up wherever a house is burned down; and after the Great Fire in 1666, the yellow rocket appeared in profusion in the district swept by the flames.

In South Africa it has been observed that whenever a grass fire occurs near Graaf-Reinet, the Cape gooseberry and a scarlet flowering bulb spring up for miles, instead of the plants burned; and in the same neighborhood, wherever stones are excavated, the tobacco tree appears on the spot quarried.

Now, in all these cases, the plants reappearing after long somnolence must have been buried at a season when fructification was perfected and germination in abeyance. For, if they had not been in seed, they could not have survived; and had germination and commenced, they would doubtless have perished.

It is evident that wheat and other seeds would have a much greater chance of survival if hermetically sealed up just after harvest, when the germinating power is at its lowest, than if packed away in the same manner just at seed-time, when the germ, though unseen, has begun to develop.

If we turn from plant to animal life, we shall see the same problem of suspended vitality presented in many forms. L tus, for instance, consider that wonderful awakening after rain in tropical and semi tropical countries, so often described by travelers.

Months of draught have dried up the water courses, so that you may dig down deep in the beds of rivers and ponds and find no moisture.

The earth is bare and parched, riven in great cracks by the scorching sun, and a silence as of death reigns everywhere.

There is a tropical shower, and suddenly the air resounds with the croakings of frogs and toads, the chirping of insects, and the songs of birds; whilst grass and flowering plants spring up as if by magic.

It is a veritable resurrection brought about by that which may well be termed the water of life—the sudden revival of many things animate and inanimate apparently dead.

Lumholtz says: "In South Australia a drought once lasted for twenty six months. The country was transformed into a desert and life was not to be seen. Sheep and cattle had perished, and so had the marsupials. Suddenly rain poured down. The long drought was at an end, and six hours after the storm had begun, the rain was welcomed by the powerful voices of the frogs. Flies afterwards came in great numbers, and then bats appeared in countless swarms."

But independently of drought, there are many singular and inexplicable cases of the intermittent appearance of living things after having undergone long periods of quiescence. Such is happily the case with the locust, of the latest visitation of which in South Africa it is said that after rain they made their appearance in vast numbers, emerging from the ground where their eggs had lain for nearly twenty years.

The ordinary locust does not seem to have a definite time for reappearance; but the American locust comes out regularly every seventeen years, whence its name. It emerges in the pupa state from deep holes in the ground, even in hard pathways, crawls to some neighboring tree, where it sheds its skin, and sits drying its wings and singing "Pha ra oh," by which name it is commonly known.

As the locusts increase in number, this song becomes a loud chorus; and as they sing, they hollow out long furrows in the branches of the tree upon which they rest, and in these furrows they lay their eggs.

The branches thus excavated die and drop off, and thus probably the eggs are conveyed to the earth, to be washed into the soil by rains, in order to undergo their seventeen years of change and death like sleep; and at the end of the seventeen years, return to upper air and so follow again the example of their long deceased parents. But what becomes of the perfect insects, how the eggs germinate, how and why they become buried so deeply under ground, and what metamorphoses they undergo during this long burial, no one knows. The only thing certain abot them is, that they will return punctually at the end of seventeen years, and neither earlier nor later.

From all these instances, it seems clear that Nature refuses to be bound by any of the hard and fast rules which Science formulates. She works by secret and mysterious laws, hidden alike from the learned and simple.

THE GENTRY IN PALESTINE.—A very large circular tray of tinned copper, placed on a coarse wooden stool about a foot high, served as a table. In the center of this stood another big tray, with a mountain of pilaff, composed of rice boiled and buttered, with small pieces of meat strewn through and upon it. This was the chief dish, but there were other smaller dishes, both meat and vegetable.

Ten persons sat round the table, or rather squatted on the carpet with their knees close to their bodies.

Each had before him a plate of tinned copper and a wooden spoon, which some used without the plate. Most, however, preferred to use the fingers of the left hand, several dipping their hands together into the dish, as the disciples did at the Last Supper.

As soon as any one had finished he rose and went into another room, to have water poured over his hands to wash them, and the vacant place at the table was instantly filled by a newcomer.

The bread, I may say, was laid on the mat under the tray, so as to be easily reached; and a jar of water, the only beverage used during the meal, stood within reach.

Besides rice, stews of beans or cracked wheat, with thick soup or sauce poured over them in the great central bowl, are also in fashion. Spoons, though sometimes provided, are often wanting—pieces of thin bread, doubled, serving instead.

Knives and forks are unknown; and as there is no special dining room there is no furniture suited for one. Hence tables and chairs are never seen. The meat being always cut up into small pieces, there is no need for a knife, and chickens can easily be torn asunder with the hands.

So far, indeed, are Orientals from thinking it strange to dip their fingers into a common dish, that it is a special act of politeness to grope in it for the visitor, and lay nice morsels before him, or even to insist on putting them into his mouth.

ONLY A CHILDISH QUESTION.—"Only a childish question," we say; yet often under that childish question lies an amount of truth little dreamed of, showing often such powers of observation as a grown-up person might with reason envy. Here is a case in point.

"Teddy!" said a governess whose appearance is unfortunately quite the reverse of the sweet disposition which she possesses, to a child who was making all sorts of hideous grimaces with his countenance. "You mustn't do that; some of these days you may perhaps make a very ugly face, and not be able to restore it to its original aspect. You wouldn't like that to happen, would you?"

"No, indeed, Miss Brown!" answered the child; "that I shouldn't!" adding, in a tone of real sympathy, as he sidled up to his dearly-loved, but distinctly ugly governess, "Tell me, Miss Brown, please, did you once make a very ugly face?"

AT WESTMINSTER.—There is still retained at Westminster School a curious old Shrovetide custom. At eleven o'clock in the morning on shrove Tuesday a verger of the Abbey, in his gown, and carrying his silver baton, precedes the cook into the large schoolroom. The cook, bearing a pan with a cake inside, marches to the bar which divides the upper from the lower school, when he suddenly tosses the pancake over the bar into the midst of the crowd of boys. Whoever is fortunate enough to secure and keep the pancake intact, and rush with it into the deanery, receives from the dean a guinea for his pains, and excites great admiration among his companions.

LOVERS.—Betrothed people are apt to be absorbed in each other to the exclusion of other friends. There is a great temptation to lovers to withdraw themselves from other interests, to make the parents and brothers and sisters who have loved the girl all her life feel that they are no longer necessary to her, that her heart is gone from them while her form is in their midst. But it would be a nobler love, and one that would promise more for future happiness, that would hold the old ties more nearly and dearly because of this new one, dearer than them all, which would be sedulous to spare the home circle any slight, any sense of loss beyond the inevitable one of partial presence.

THE tastes of great men differ. Prince Bismarck recently said to a visitor that he had only one serious complaint to make against old age, and that was that he had been obliged of late to abstain almost entirely from tobacco. On the other hand, Gladstone has become very sensitive to the odor of tobacco in his old age. He dislikes it intensely, and the surest way to obtain his antagonism is to go into his presence with the odor of a cigar or pipe on your person.

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Whose sylvan beauty thrills,
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A sign for "Patent Pills."

Motto for the married—Never dis-pair.

A bad sign—To sign another man's name to a note.

A cheap watering-place to go to—A street hydrant.

Waiter's epitaph—He couldn't wait any longer, so he went.

The height of impertinence—Asking a few what his Christian name is.

Why is a door always in the subjunctive?—Because it's would, or should be.

An Irishman, on being asked how ice-creams are made, replied, "Sure, they bake them in a cold oven."

"Why do all men at the club shun Thompson?" "Thompson's baby is getting old enough to say clever things."

"It's funny about bridal pairs. They are not like other pears at all." "Why not?" "They are softest when they are green."

"Do you love me?" said the paper bag to the sugar. "I'm just wrapped up in you," replied the sugar. "You sweet thing!" murmured the paper bag.

Cholly Chumpleigh: Was out last night. Had a head on me this morning.

Miss Coddell: If I were you I'd stay out late every night.

Prison superintendent: "You can work at any trade you prefer. Shoemaking, cabinet-making, etc." New prisoner: "I'd like to be travelling salesman for the shoe department."

Barber: You ought to know the man he lives down the street.

Customer: Smooth-faced man?

Barber, contemptuously: No; he shaves himself!

A peasant went with his wife to a theatre. At the conclusion of the first act he said to his better half: "Come along, old woman, let's go home; the second act doesn't begin till five years later."

Salvation Lass, to young man who has been paying great attention to the speaker: "Are you saved?"

Young man: "No; I'm a reporter."

Salvation lass: "Oh, I beg your pardon."

Singleton: In her girlhood days your wife was possessed of a very sunny disposition. Has she any of it yet?

Longwed: Well—er—enough to make things warm for me occasionally.

Brown, shaving: Lose my temper! I'll be bound you'll lose your temper if you had a razor as dull as this!

Wife of his bosom: Why, it was sharp enough when I cut my corns with it last night!

"In speaking of the singular number of the word dice, what is correct?" asked Spalding.

"Die," replied Meswilligen.

"That can't be. A noted writer, you will remember, says, 'Never say die.'"

First suburbanite: What is there going on over at Brownkin's to-night—a golden wedding?

Second suburbanite: No. It's souvenir night, in celebration of the fiftieth day of their having their new hired girl.

The doctor: My dear friend, you must give up drinking.

Patient: But, doctor, I never drink a drop.

Then you must give up smoking.

But I don't smoke at all.

Well, if you have no bad habits to give up, I am afraid I cannot help you.

"It would be rough on me," soliloquized the fat and would-be funny passenger, who spread himself over two seats and looked happy, "it would be rough on me if I had to pay by passage by weight." "Oh, no," remarked the man standing up. "Hog freights are very cheap indeed."

Jane: Henry, what would you do if you should go to the post-office, buy a stamp, ask the man to stick it on for you and he refused?

Henry, who is very serious: What would I do? Stick it on myself?

Jane: I should stick it on the letter.

A little girl who is accustomed to the plainest style of living was taken by her mother to dine with a rich friend lately. On her returning to her humble home she called out to her sister, in an ecstasy of triumph and delight, "Oh, Polly, we had four dinners all one after another!"

Sunday school teacher: I told you last Sunday that I wished each of you would try to make at least one person happy during the week. Did you?

Boy: Yes'm, I made grandma happy.

That is noble. How did you do it?

I went to visit her, and she's always happy when I go away.

"Elsie's afraid of growin' fat," said dear little Tommy, who was being exhibited before company.

"How do you know that?" asked one of the guests.

"Because," replied Tommy, confidently, "last night, when she an' Mr. Makelov were on the piazza I heard her say: 'I'm afraid I'm heavy, ain't I?'"

KNOCKDOWN COURTSHIP.—Among the aboriginal blacks of Australia, courtship, as the precursor of marriage, is unknown. When a young warrior is desirous of procuring a wife, he generally obtains one by giving in exchange for her a sister, or some other female relation of his own; but, if there should be no eligible damsel disengaged in the tribe to which he belongs, then he hovers around the encampment of some other blacks until he gets an opportunity of seizing one of their "leubras," whom he has seen and admired when attending one of the feasts. His mode of paying his addresses is simple and efficacious. With a blow of his war-club he stuns the object of his "affections," and, as she recovers her senses, brings her home to his own gunyah in triumph. Another method with the wife-stealer is to ascertain the campfire beside which the girl whom he covets sleeps. When he gains the knowledge he requires, he creeps close to the camp on some dark, windy night, and, stretching out his spear, inserts its barbed point among her thick, flowing locks; turning it slowly round, some of her hair becomes entangled with it; then, with a sudden jerk, she is aroused from her slumber, and as her eyes open she feels the point of another weapon against her throat. She neither faints nor screams. She knows well that the slightest attempt at escape or alarm will cause her instant death, so, like a sensible woman, she makes a virtue of necessity, and, rising silently, follows her captor, to begin a life of toil from which she is not released till death.

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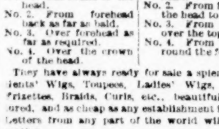

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Norwich, Norfolk, England.
Nov., 29, '85.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

To MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinders.

On and after March 30th, 1885

Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express, Parlor and Dining Car, Buffalo and Chicago Exp., Sleeping Cars, Williamsport Express, week-days, daily 9.00 a m; dailr, 6.45 p m; 9.45 p m; 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.

Lock Haven, Clearfield and Du Bois Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.50, 11.35 a m, (12.57, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining Car), 1.30, 3.50, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.25, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.50 a m, 12.25, 3.50, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut,) 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 4.90 (two hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 4.30, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30 a m, 1.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 7.00, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.20, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.56, 9.00 a m, 1.05, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m. 9.45 p m, daily does not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, 11.08 a m, 4.45, 6.22, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.42 a m, 5.30, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.22, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin Express, week-days, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves; Week-days—Express, 9.00 a m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 3.00 p m,) 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.10 a m, 3.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Returning, leave Atlantic City (de ot), week-days, express, 7.25, 9.00 a m, 4.00, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 8.15 a m, 4.32 p m. Sundays, express, 4.00, 5.15, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

FOR CAPE MAY AND SEA ISLE CITY (via South Jersey Railroad), Express, 8.30 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, from Chestnut street, and 9.00 a m from South street.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 5.00 p m

Lakewood, week-days, 8.30 a m, 4.15 p m.

Detailed time table at ticket offices, N. E corner, Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 29 S. Tenth street, 609 S. Third street, 3562 Market street and at stations.

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Anyone knowing a tune, say "Way Down on the Swanee River," either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it **WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC. IMMEDIATELY** correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this **GUIDE.**

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